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**A Kleen Product Even Better**



On the cover, Dr. Fabian Eyal, head of the intensive care unit for premature babies at the Hadassah University Hospital on Mt. Scopus, looks on as a mother smiles at her baby. Photograph by David Harris.

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**THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA**

General Director: Samuel Lewis (conductor)  
 6th. season 1979/80  
 Tuesday, October 23, 1979 at 8.30 p.m.  
 Beit Hagudim-Avichall, Netanya

**SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT No. 1**

Samuel Lewis (conductor)  
 Palma Salzman (piano)

Overture "The Bartered Bride" — Smetana  
 Piano Concerto in A minor Op. 18 — Grieg  
 Symphony No. 84 (The Surprise) — Haydn  
 Dance of the Hours (La Gioconda) — Ponchielli

Tickets at Ohel Shem, 4 Rehov Rasiel, Netanya on Monday, October 22, (4-7 p.m.) or at Hall on evening of concert.  
 Transport to Avichall available at 7.45 p.m. from Kikar Ha'ntamaul, Netanya.



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 Habimah Theatre, Tel Aviv, October 20-24, 1979 at 8.30 p.m.  
 Jerusalem Theatre, November 5, 8.30 p.m.  
 Haifa Auditorium, November 10, 8.30 p.m.  
 Tickets obtainable at: Tel Aviv: Habimah Theatre, and other ticket offices; Jerusalem: "Klaim" and other ticket offices; Haifa: "Garber" and other ticket offices.



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**A MALFUNCTIONING CAR IS A DEATH-TRAP!!**

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IT'S WORTH IT! The Association of Garages and the Association of Automobile Importers have acceded to the request of the Minister of Transportation, and will grant a 15% discount on labour charges for safety repairs carried out during the "Prepare Your Car for Winter" campaign.

WARNING! The Ministers of Transportation and Justice have decided on a fine of IL750 for every safety fault found by the Police in their routine checks. This is in addition to the vehicle being removed from the road.

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"MR. SCHWARTZ... Mr. Schwartz." The call, sounded in any one of a dozen foreign accents, reverberates regularly on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday mornings among the housing blocks in Jerusalem's East Talpiot.

The most sought-after person in the massive complex of buildings is George Schwartz, a frail, painfully thin man of 65 who shuffles up and down endless flights of steps with rings of keys. For the immigrant who has waited months or years for the coveted slip of paper that shows he's entitled to buy or rent an Amidar flat in East Talpiot, Schwartz is the most important man in the world.

The keeper of keys to about 100 government apartments in the rapidly expanding quarter, Schwartz earns IL3,500 net a month (for a 40-hour week) from Modi'in Ezrah, the company used by Amidar to provide guards for the place. Schwartz's "office" is a ground-floor, two-room flat in Block 424, totally bare except for a crust of bread (probably from one of his lunchtime sandwiches) on the kitchen floor. Without even a chair to sit on, he sorts through the mounds of front-door, entrance-door and postbox keys on the kitchen counter.

BUT FIRST you must find him. On a typical morning, the hall outside his office is populated with olim who earlier stood in line at the Amidar district office near the municipality to get their referral slip.

Waiting for him to open the door at 9 a.m., they air their complaints about having to lose a day of work or Hebrew *ulpan* ("Why can't Amidar arrange afternoon hours?") and running between offices.

Schwartz has made the same four- or five-kilometre trip by bus between Amidar and East Talpiot. He must stop in at headquarters before work to get the keys and his instructions, and he often arrives late because of the time he spends waiting for a bus and the long trek from the bus stop to the apartments.

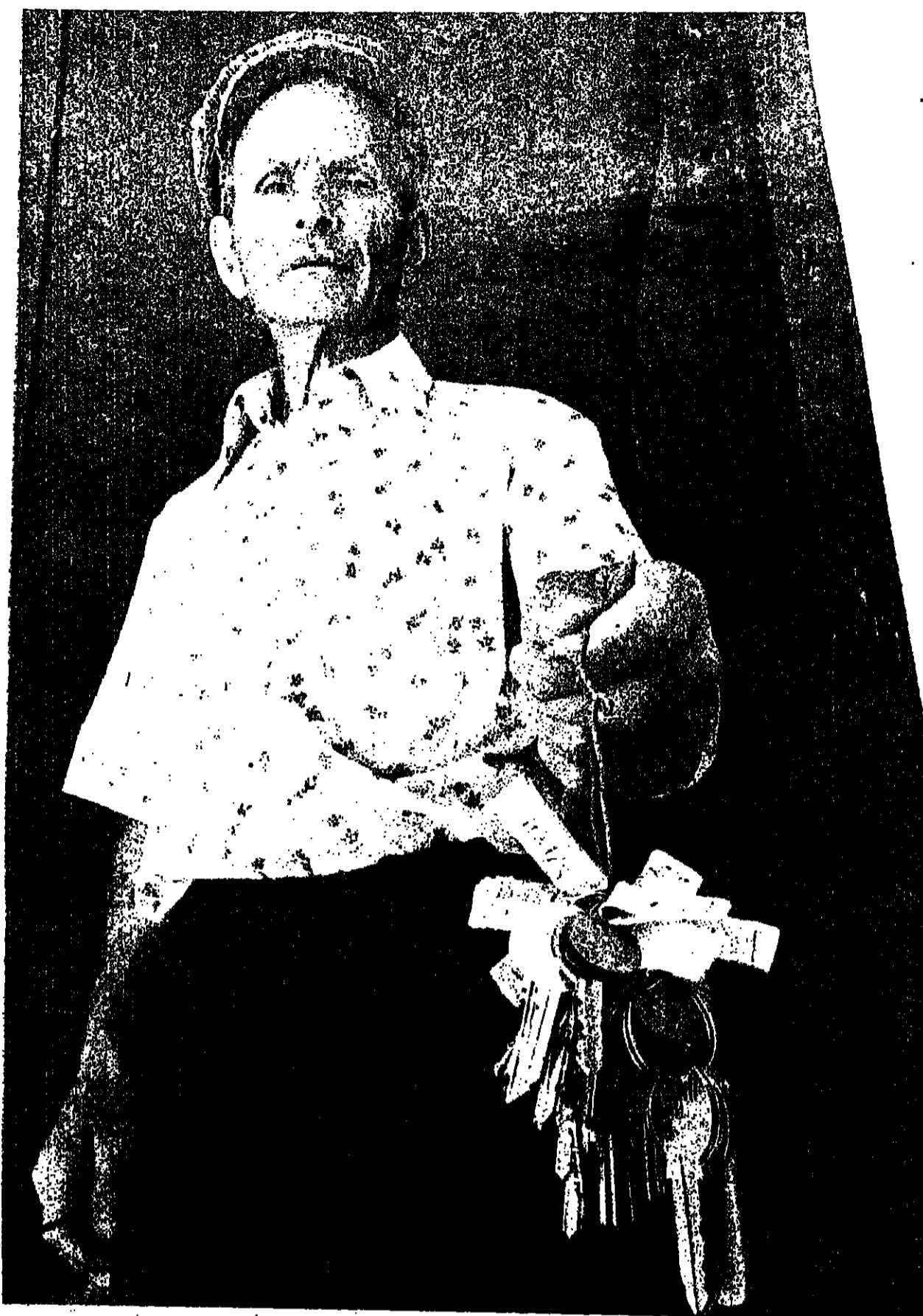
The office in Block 424 is not a good place to "ambush" him. In order to ensure that prospective tenants don't steal or duplicate keys or damage the property, Schwartz must accompany each immigrant to his appointed flat and look up when he has finished looking.

In pain from climbing the steps, he can sometimes be seen on the walkways among the four-storey buildings. He was unaware when he was hired that the job entailed so much exertion, but with a paralysed wife at home, and at his age, what alternative does he have?

He suffers in silence, rarely answering back when some olim — exasperated by the wait, or by inefficient and haughty Amidar clerks, or by worries over the cost of apartments — shout at him.

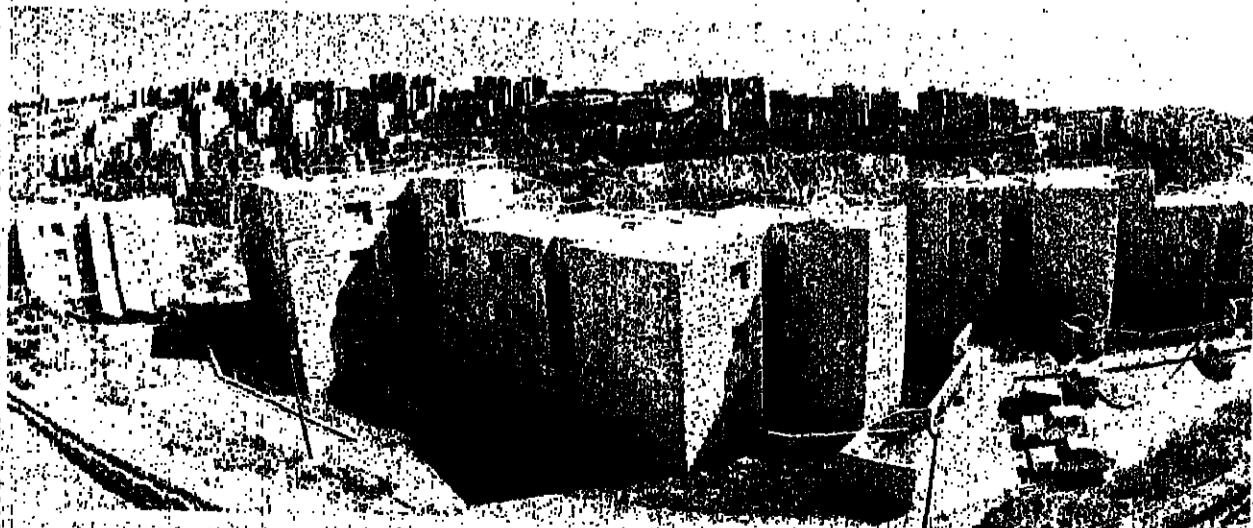
THERE ARE a few clerks who are rude with immigrants, admits a senior Amidar official when confronted with charges that some of his employees act like royalty in the presence of clients. "But what can I do?" he asks. "I can't fire any of them; the works committee wouldn't allow it. It's difficult even to switch such people to non-reception jobs. All I can do is talk to them."

One Amidar clerk in particular annoyed Leonie Reuben, a music teacher and interior designer who came on aliyah from England in 1974 with her teenage son. She



## Keeper of the keys

George Schwartz is a Very Important Person to prospective tenants of Amidar flats in Jerusalem's East Talpiot. Arranging for him to show apartments is but one of the obstacles facing clients of the government housing company, writes The Post's JUDY SIEGEL. Photos: Richard Nowitz.



was assigned a flat by the absorption Ministry two years ago but no one would tell her when she could move in and she was forced to phone Amidar every week for then for information. The clerk never explained why she couldn't move into a building that was standing and painted but not officially ready for occupancy.

She might have found out the answer if she had spoken to the senior Amidar official interviewed by *The Post* for this article. Amidar, the government housing company, is at the mercy of the Absorption Ministry, the Construction and Housing Ministry, and the builders, he explained. Absorption Ministry employees tell the immigrant that a certain flat will be his, and the oleh arrives at the Amidar office asking to see it. "But the flat is in our hands until the Construction and Housing Ministry finally hands it over to us," he said.

The Absorption Ministry claims that olim are clearly told that even though they have been given their flat number, the apartment may still be in the early stages of construction. "We tell them the flat number as part of a policy," said a ministry spokesman. "We do it so that there will be no suspicion that there is no apartment for him. He just has to wait."

When Amidar finally gave Leonie Reuben the referral slip, she went to Schwartz and was handed only two keys. Although she had her front-door and postbox keys, she couldn't get into her apartment because there was no key to the main door of the building.

"Just ask the *va'ad bayit* (house committee) for their key and make a duplicate," advised the Amidar clerk. But the building has no house committee — only a single resident who is never at home when Reuben arrives in East Talpiot from her rented flat in Ramat Hasharon. Finally, one week after she started paying rent for her 70-square-meter apartment, she located the neighbour and made a duplicate.

THE OLEH may rent the flat for three months, paying a small sum three months in advance. This period is usually a time of difficult decision, for he must tell Amidar if he wants to purchase the apartment or rent it at a price that after a few years, reaches a rate similar to that in the free market.

The next obstacle is finding out the price of the apartment. To buy that privilege, the immigrant must give Amidar a IL10,000 deposit. If he decides to purchase the place, the sum becomes part of the payment. But if he can't afford it, or doesn't like it, he will later receive only IL2,000 back.

"How can one be forced to pay money to find out the cost?" asks the olim in the hallway as they wait for Schwartz. "When you go to a store, do you have to pay to see the price tag?"

Amidar offers an explanation. In the old days, when housing costs were relatively stable, prices were updated every six months. A year ago, the government instituted a new policy that required an independent assessor to set a price for a flat when the oleh applied to purchase it. According to Amidar, the assessor's fee is over IL2,000 per flat. To discourage "non-serious buyers" from asking the price, the government decided that the oleh should pay IL500 towards the assessment fee and that the deposit should be considerable.

Though Amidar apartments used to be relatively inexpensive,



they are now priced at regular market value minus about 15 per cent (the discount is made possible because the Amidar flats are built on government land). Still, Amidar claims that it makes no profit on the apartments it sells, what with steadily rising building and administrative costs. The rapidly rising costs can easily tempt builders to delay handing over buildings and thus make handsome profits.

WHAT DOES one get for his money when he deals with Amidar?

In East Talpiot, a 49-square-metre, two-room flat costs over IL800,000. Anything larger is quite a bit over IL1m. Many newcomers are astounded by the poor quality of the flats, in at least one large section of the quarter, that were built by Shikun Ovdim, the Histadrut's housing company and the largest and oldest in the country.

The stucco in the hall outside Schwartz's office is already bald in several spots, and the stuff peels off easily. This is the result not of vandalism but of shoddy materials. Doors are hollow, of

course, as is to be expected in a public housing project. "But why did Shikun Ovdim have to turn the massive housing complex into a burglar's paradise?" ask the residents. Every exterior door lock can easily be broken, because the cylinder extrudes and does not lie flush with the door. The ceiling in Schwartz's kitchen, living room and hall is stained with mould, although it is a new building and the rainy season hasn't started yet.

Much more serious is the design of the apartments. The kitchen of a two-room flat is windowless, except for a small opening filled with opaque glass and leading to the hall. The door is recessed for no apparent reason, wasting over a square metre of space that can be recovered if the purchaser installs a new door beyond it. The bathroom has no window either. If you want ventilation, you must open the door to a small exterior room that houses the boiler. But that room has a shuttered window (without glass) that is in full view of all who enter the house.

In three-room flats in another building, the entrance door has been positioned so badly that, when it is opened, it prevents any use of the supposed "dining corner."

MANY OF THOSE who live in these blocks — new immigrants, and young couples who bought directly from Shikun Ovdim — are now busy contemplating how to make their flats liveable by breaking down the internal walls and creating a more sensible layout.

But they have found that the walls are set into the floor and ceiling by steel pins, and it is almost impossible to knock them down. Moreover, those who are only renting are not allowed to make any such drastic changes.

Shikun Ovdim boasts in advertisements that it has carried out "impressive building activity, aimed at the supply of suitable and convenient homes for the Israeli working population." One might expect better from a firm that has built 150,000 apartments since it was established in 1933.

"It's true," concedes another top Amidar official. "Shikun Ovdim doesn't have a good name among builders. But we have no alternative. We don't set the standard of housing for olim. The Construction and Housing Ministry does. If we find some bad errors or examples of bad construction, we can refuse to take possession of the flats until they are fixed. But with the pressure of demand from olim who need housing, how can we do that?"

Faced with rude clerks, the hand-drap of language, skyrocketing prices that make indecision expensive, government authorities who don't talk to one another, and an unfathomable bureaucracy, the new oleh more often than not views Amidar as "the enemy."

Disatisfaction with it is compounded by confusion about Amidar's responsibilities — what does it do that the various ministries, the Jewish Agency and the municipal authorities don't?

The government and the Jewish Agency show no indication that they intend to simplify the process and make it easier to get settled here. Perhaps their attitude can be explained in terms of politics or inertia or ineptitude. Perhaps it is due to the subconscious belief among veteran settlers in power that newcomers should undergo this brutal, senseless initiation because in the "old days" there were only *ma'abarot* and no immigrant privileges. □



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A headless Wonder — a group of 26 youthful musicians without a conductor who play so well that obviously they don't need one. N.Y. Times

Programme/Haydn — Symphony no. 77/Stravinsky — Dumberton Oaks Concerto Mozart — Symphony Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Orchestra

### GALA CONCERTS

JERUSALEM BINYENEI HA'OOMA Saturday 10.11.79 8.30 p.m. Tickets/Cahana/Kartis-on Student federation	HAIFA AUDITORIUM Tuesday 6.11.79 8.30 p.m. Tickets/Garber office	TEL AVIV MANN AUDITORIUM Thursday 1.11.79 8.30 p.m. Tickets/Roccoco/Union Kastel/Hadren offices
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PRODUCTION: KETZEV PRODUCTION ACCOMMODATION: HOTEL LAROMME TEL AVIV

A CLENCHED fist, cast in bronze and held in check by a short length of chain, dominates the entrance to the premises of the *Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra* — the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Family — in the centre of the West Bank town of El-Bireh.

It is a strange symbol for a charitable organization devoted to the advancement of Arab women, but not inappropriate to the society's parallel commitment to the cause of Palestinian nationalism and the nurturing of its social, economic and cultural roots.

Last week, during the society's eighth annual bazaar, respectable middle-aged women and neatly dressed young girls fussed around among the stalls, offering information about the wares and politely explaining prices (marked in Jordanian dinars).

There were woolly jackets for babies, home-made cakes and sweetmeats, olives and cucumbers pickled by charitable hands, beautifully embroidered napkins and tablecloths in traditional Palestinian style.

On the wall there hung a tapestry, stitched in green, red and brown, of *Falastin Arabiyya Hurra* — Free Arab Palestine ("free" as an adjective, not an imperative) — between the river and the sea, with Nablus, Jaffa, Jerusalem and Haifa neatly picked out in Arabic letters. No Tel Aviv, Herzliya, Ashkelon or Ellat. Not even a green line or some forgotten partition border. "We shall return," read the slogan beneath.

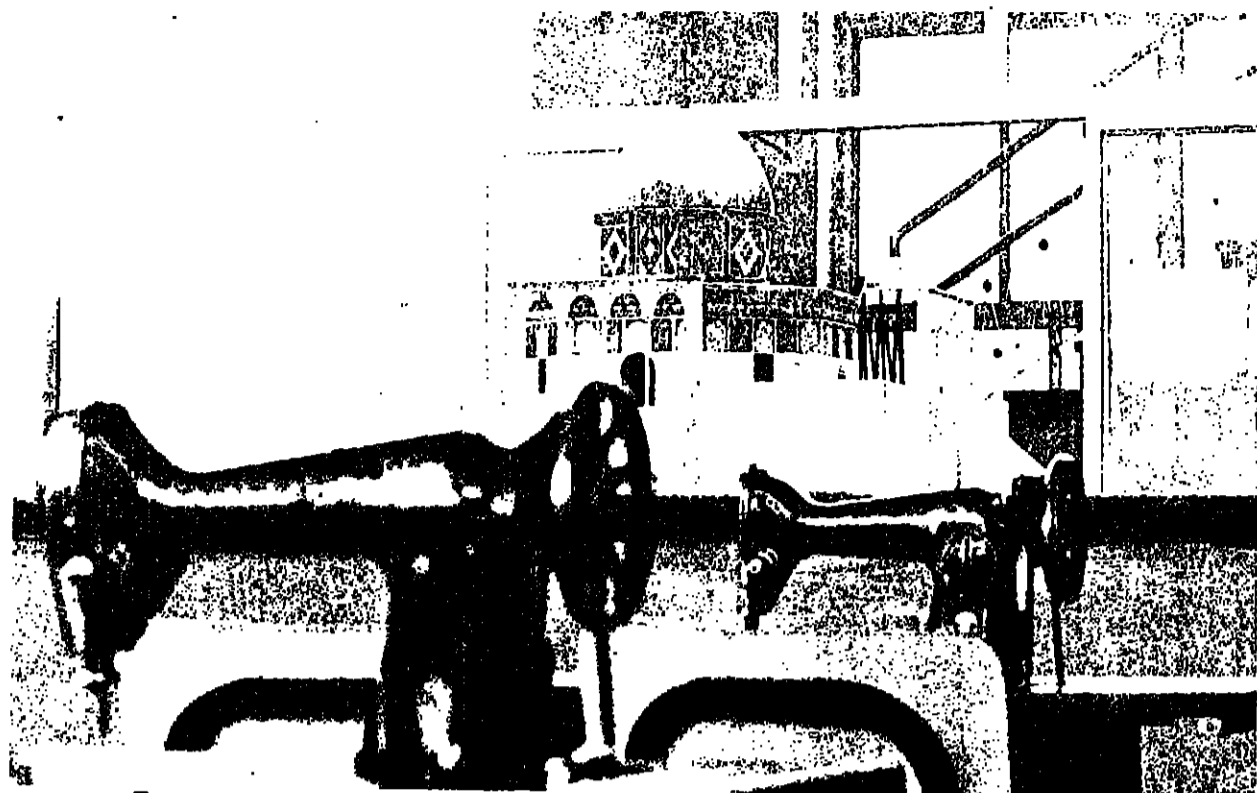
Hanging next to it was a collage map of the whole of the lost land, with the faces of little children crammed in between the distinctly Mandatory-looking frontiers. Advertising the International Year of the Child, it was available, in postcard form, for IL16, "for the benefit of the children of Palestinian war victims."

THE AIMS of the *Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra*, as set out in its official publications, do not mention political activity. The society's general purpose is "to raise the social, financial, cultural and educational standards of women, so that they may become active, responsible and independent members of their community."

It further tries "to help the needy who are unable to support themselves or their families" and "to develop and encourage the country's handicrafts and rural industries." And in doing these things it is guided by the principles of "channelling activities into productive projects in order to ensure a steady income that would enable the society to employ people and to offer regular assistance to the needy"; and "encouraging rehabilitation rather than aid wherever possible."

The society's educational and economic aspirations are an eclectic ragbag of thrift, paternalism (maternalism, more precisely) and the kind of self-help propagated by Samuel Smiles to encourage humble, honest and hardworking folk to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps in the industrial wasteland of 19th-century England.

This social philosophy underpins a deep commitment to the cause of "Palestine" — more of an abstraction than support for a specific political programme, or loyalty to any particular component of the PLO. But the commitment is clearly and unmistakably there, and it permeates every



(Maya Barr-Black)



## Charity with a clenched fist

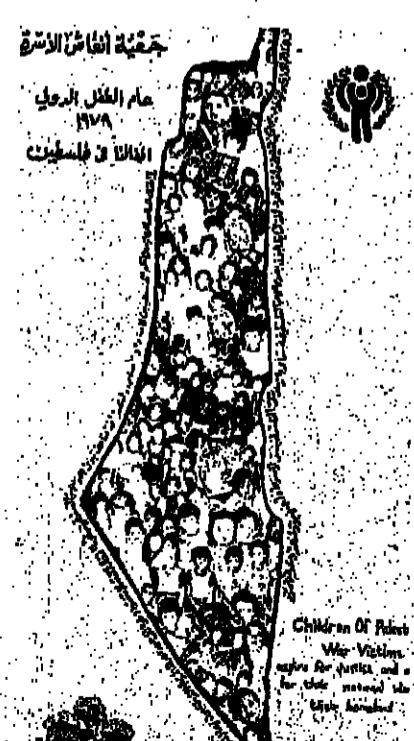
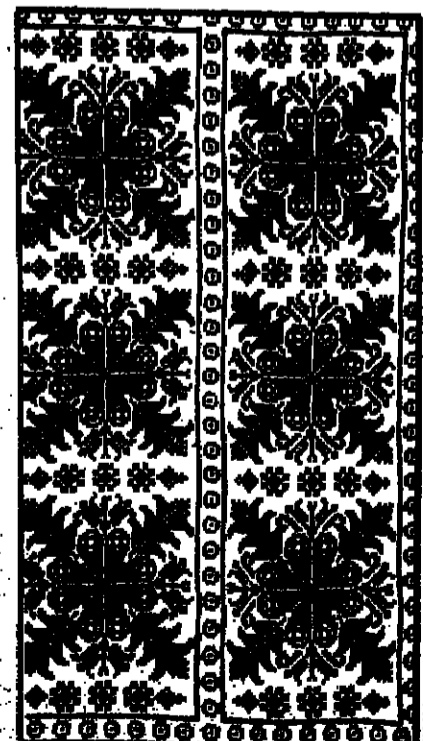
The stated aims of the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Family are social and philanthropic. But, finds IAN BLACK on a visit to the organization's El-Bireh headquarters, its message is harshly and unequivocally political.

sphere of the society's activities.

No one, even officials of the Judea and Samaria military government at the nearby Beit-El headquarters, denies that *Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra* is a well-organized and highly efficient enterprise.

"It does its work very well," they say, "but when you talk to them you hear only PLO, PLO, what we've destroyed, what we've forbidden."

"There are other organizations which are doing just as much good work, such as the Red Crescent in Jenin, or the Four Homes of Mercy in Al-Azariya. They're not crazy about us either, but it is possible to talk to them without



Children Of Peace Who Victims of War, and a... (Caption partially obscured)

large model of the Dome of the Rock stands in one of the sewing workshops. In the 4,000-volume library girls make and file clippings from the Arabic newspapers which are used for reference by students from Bethlehem and Bir Zeit universities.

In the toddler's room, with the miniature furniture, toys, blackboard and other educational aids, hangs a large print of a painting that is one of the most assiduously-cultivated symbols of life in the West Bank in the 18th year of Israel's rule.

Sulaiman Mansour's painting is a work of dubious artistic merit but apparently deep emotional significance. Entitled "Bride of the Nation," it depicts the death of Lena Nabulsi, a 18-year-old Nablus schoolgirl, killed by a stray bullet during an anti-Israeli riot in May 1976.

Her body, clothed in a striped school dress, lies in a grassy field, a large pool of blood by her head.

"Is this what you tell the children?" we asked Fatima, a dark-haired teacher in her mid-forties, who proudly showed us the centre's facilities.

"No," she replied quickly and confidently. "We have no need to. They know it all from their homes."

The past is as pervasive as the present. In the folklore museum there are examples of traditional peasant costume from northern, central and southern Palestine. Peasant craftware and utensils are on display next to old documents and fading copies of Arabic newspapers from the Mandatory period. A banner headline on page one of a February 1981 issue of *Al-Jamiya al-Arabiyya* — the organ of Haj Amin al-Husseini's supporters — announces, "Zionist leaders meet to discuss immigration."

The folklore centre, founded in 1972 to study "the social, historic, economic, cultural and hygienic conditions of Palestinian society," also issues a quarterly entitled *Society and Heritage*, currently edited by Professor Abdul Karim Barghout of Bir Zeit. It carries articles on marriage ceremonies, folk medicine, peasant songs and dances and other aspects of a disappearing past.

The society does what it can both to document that heritage and to preserve it. It engages some 600 women in 30 villages all over the West Bank and Gaza in handicraft production on a piecework basis. This does not embrace the Arab minority living inside the green line, although staffs at the centre say that Israeli Arabs take a great interest in its activities.

*Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra* is a roaring success. Beginning with six women and two rooms in 1968, today it has hundreds of dependents and volunteers and covers 60 per cent of its budget by its own products and services. All this is largely the work of one person, Samiha Salameh Khalil, better known as Umm Khalil.

A STOUT and formidable-looking woman in her early fifties, Umm Khalil was born in the Ramallah area and married a Taibe man when she was 17. She is the mother of five children, one of whom is serving a seven-year prison sentence for an offence she declines to specify. She came to El-Bireh, she relates with fierce pride, after her husband "lost all his lands in 1948." She describes herself as a refugee and has a reputation as a rejectionist.

The work of *In'ash al-Ustra*, says the society's annual report, was disrupted by the 1967 war, but that

second Palestinian "disaster" in two decades gave added impetus to its members, who "started a campaign for the relief of war victims and displaced families."

"Most of the members," the report goes on, "had to leave their country for reasons beyond their control... The few who remained, however, were driven out of their state of shock by the terrible conditions prevailing at the time."

"It was impossible for them to watch indifferently while their fellow countrymen were being chased out of their villages, their homes destroyed and their lands confiscated. In the three villages of the Latrun area the inhabitants were seeking the sky for shelter and a few lone olive trees under which to lay their old, sick and helpless."

FOR UMM KHALIL, the war has never ended. West Bankers speak of her in a tone of respectful awe. Something of her character — and much more too — is conveyed by the popular anecdote of her



(Maya Barr-Black)

meeting with "Captain Danny" in the Ramallah military government headquarters. "Coffee or tea," asks the Israeli officer politely. "Let's just get on with it," Umm Khalil is quoted as replying impatiently.

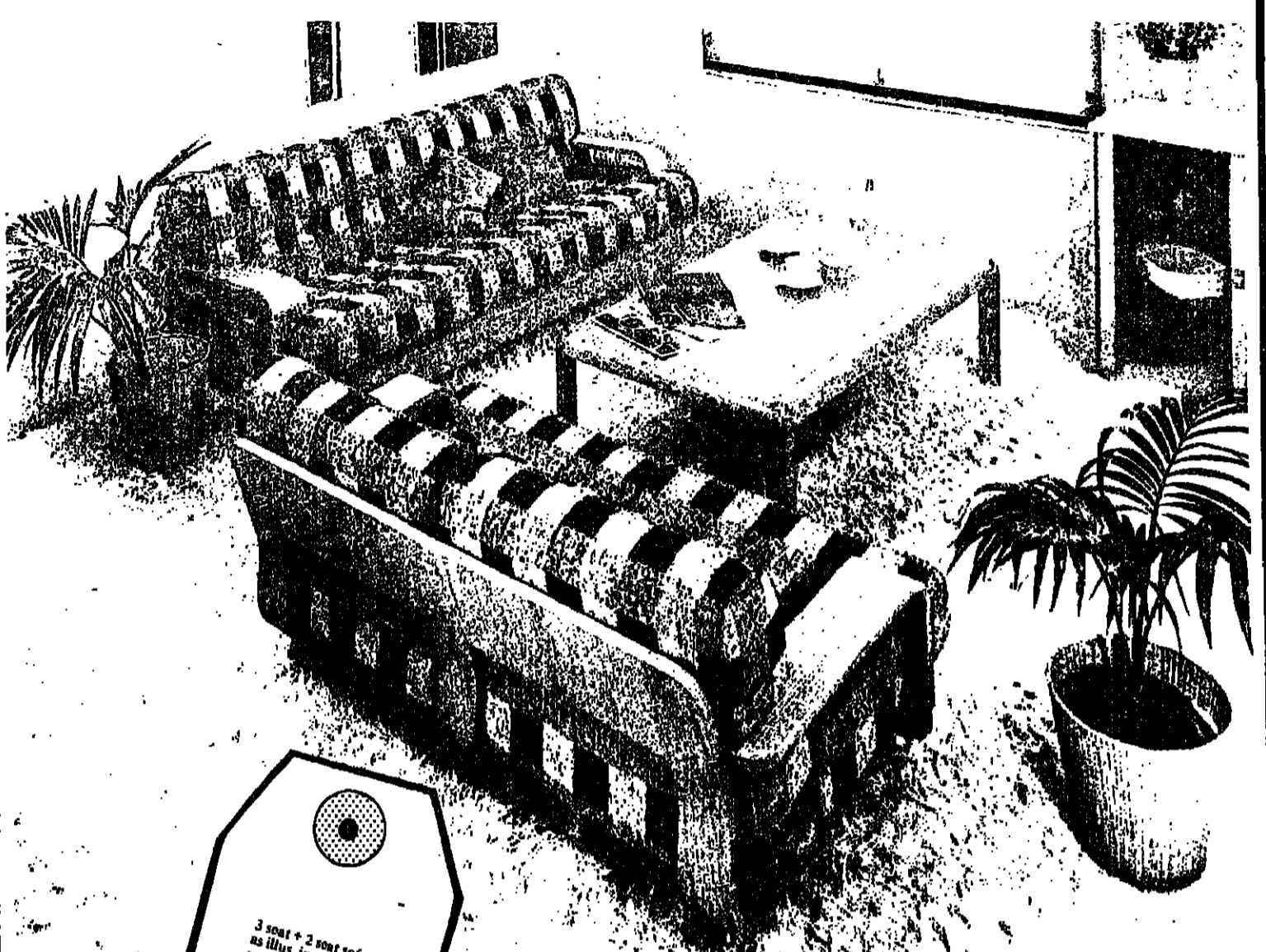
"Getting on with it" is Umm Khalil's slogan. The function of *Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra*, she explains, "is to carry on, to show that nothing is impossible, despite the occupation." *Sumud* — steadfastness — a word coined by the anti-Sadat Baghdad summiters last year, is one you hear a lot around the society's headquarters.

"Our aim," declares Umm Khalil emphatically, "is to light a candle every day rather than to weep for a thousand years. I want to help my nation. I want to do something for my people to help them stay in their land."

*Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra* is one of the most powerful bastions of Palestinian consciousness in the West Bank. Its aims and activities are social and philanthropic. But its message is harshly and unequivocally political.

Last week the military authorities outlawed the eight-man "Preparatory Committee of the Palestine National Front," a body alleged to organize political activity in the administered territories on behalf of, and in coordination with, the PLO. Political activity can be banned, terrorist organizations, suppressed, *Jamiyat In'ash al-Ustra* carries on: for little can be done against a fist clenched in charity.

## DANISH DESIGNS IN OAK



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You are cordially invited to visit the world famous Weizmann Institute of Science and the newly opened Weizmann House — residence of Dr. Chaim Weizmann — First President of the State of Israel.

Visitors to the Weizmann Institute are invited to see an exhibition on Dr. Weizmann's life in the Weizmann Library, and a film on the institute's research activities in the Wix Auditorium. The film is shown regularly at 11.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. every day, except Fridays, when it is shown at 11.00 a.m. only. Special screenings can be arranged for groups.

Visits to the Ullmann Art Gallery can be arranged on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons, by prior appointment only. (Tel. 084-83997).

Tours of the Weizmann House are held daily every half hour from 9.00 to 3.30 p.m. and between 9.00 a.m. and noon on Fridays. There is a nominal fee for admission to the Weizmann House.

For tours of the Weizmann House please book in advance by contacting the Visitor's Section of Yad Weizmann, Tel. 084-83230, 834-83328.

THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE AND THE WEIZMANN HOUSE will be closed on the Sabbath.

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**The Cameri Theatre**  
DEATH OF A SALESMAN  
Tomorrow, Oct. 19, Sun., Oct. 21

REMEMBERED HEADLINES  
Oct. 21 — Derot

CHAPTER TWO  
Oct. 22 — Revivim

PAULA  
Travels last 2 parts in Tel Aviv  
Oct. 23, 4.30, 8.30 p.m.

**Habima**  
SIMPLE STORY  
Tomorrow, Oct. 20, 8.30 p.m.

THE NUPTIALS  
Tomorrow, Oct. 20, Tues., Oct. 23

THE DYBBUK  
Oct. 21, 22

HONEYMOON ROUND  
Oct. 21, 22

Neve Yerushalayim College for Women  
**Adult Education Programme of Jewish Studies**

The Winter Semester will commence October 22. For details of courses and registration, call 95-42427, 08-414780, or write: Adult Education Programme, P.O.B. 18020, Jerusalem.

WHEN SHIRA was born she was certainly no bouncing bundle of joy. Delivered by Caesarian section after just seven months of pregnancy and weighing only 750 puny grams, she suffered from a serious respiratory condition — the same malady that had resulted in the death of her two-week-old brother a year previous.

Two-and-a-half years later, Shira is alive and brimming with vitality — thanks to the fact that her birth coincided with the opening of the intensive care unit for the newborn at the Hadassah University Hospital on Mt. Scopus. She was the first premature baby weighing under a kilo to survive in the unit and was, consequently, quite a celebrity in the hospital. Today, Shira's story is far more commonplace.

The 12-bed ICU is run by Dr. Fabian Eyal, a ginger-haired, soft-spoken pediatrician, whose slight accent betrays his French origin. The unit, part of the Pediatrics Department headed by Prof. Simon Godfrey, serves both Jerusalem's Hadassah hospitals — at Ein Karem as well as Mt. Scopus. In fact, a special mobile ICU extends the unit's operations to the entire country. Although several other hospitals have ICUs, this ambulance, the only one of its kind in Israel, has brought sick babies to Mt. Scopus from as far afield as Eilat and Safad.

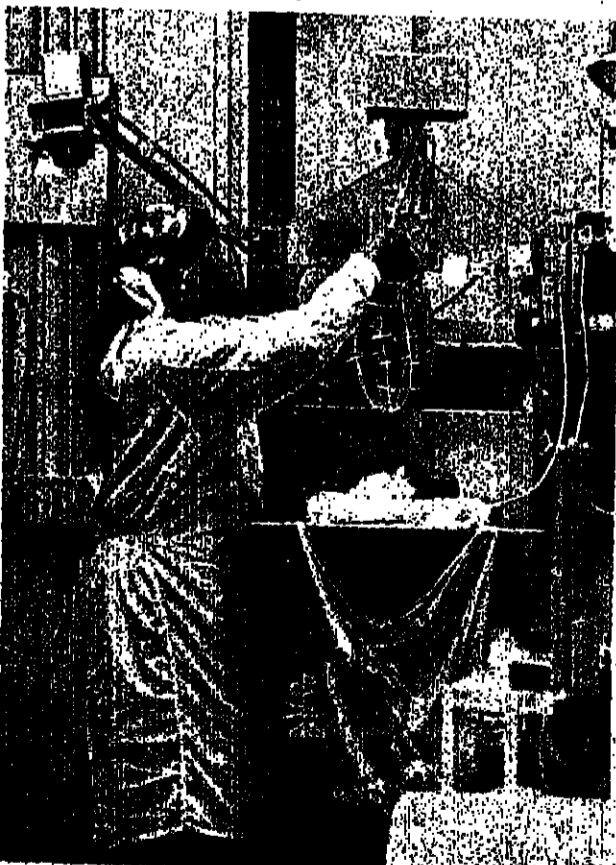


## Born before their time

Premature babies — particularly those weighting under a kilo — have a much better chance for survival since the opening of the intensive care unit for newborn at Hadassah Hospital on Mt. Scopus. David Frank visited the unit, and spoke to doctors, nurses and parents of the tiny patients.

of blood loss or infection that might result from the insertion of a catheter to draw blood for purposes of oxygen measurement. If the unit were able to afford this new machine, they could save many more lives, says Eyal, for the accurate supply of oxygen is the very basis of all the treatment. But the cost of even a single monitor is prohibitive — \$12,000 — and seven to 10 babies need this constant supervision at any one time.

(Top) 'Open' incubators of premature ICU. (Below left) Arab mother hangs toy for her tiny child. (Right) It's even possible to cuddle the infants.



(Photographs by David Harris.)

THE IMPECCABLY maintained ward bristles with paraphernalia — enough complicated-looking dials to fly a jet plane; little green blips dancing across TV screens, plastic tubes going in all directions. And yet the ICU is a warm, friendly, human place. Eyal and his remarkable staff see to that.

The equipment is expensive. Each open incubator and its accompanying monitoring apparatus costs over \$20,000. When I visited the unit, Eyal was watching a demonstration of a new machine he would dearly like to have, but for which no funds are currently available.

The Transcutaneous PO<sub>2</sub> Monitor measures the amount of oxygen in the baby's blood without "invading" the veins. A sensor placed on the skin provides a minute-by-minute "check" on the amount of oxygen in the bloodstream. The non-invasive technique eliminates the possibility

close at each exhalation. Premature babies, he explains, may simply "forget to breathe."

This is not unique to premature, normal, full-term babies also may have trouble breathing for two or three seconds from time to time, and even die in apnoea, as it is called, lasts as long as 20 or even 30 seconds, no harm is done. But the premature baby has a far smaller safety margin. A central nervous system periodically neglects to send a signal ordering it to breathe.

"In an 800-gram baby, even a five-second interval is barely tolerable and is sufficient to decrease the heart rate significantly," says Eyal. "In order to avoid the tragic consequences of prolonged apnoea, constant monitoring is necessary. Usually, gentle stimulation, effect waking the baby with slight stroke of the hand, is enough. If this doesn't work, ventilate it or use mechanical therapy. And if none of the other methods work, we might use drugs. But it is vital that someone gets to the baby within seconds of the monitor showing that breathing has stopped."

THIS CONSTANT alertness and the ability to respond effectively within seconds characterize the work of the dedicated staff of the ICU. Eyal shares the enormous responsibility for the welfare of his tiny patients with three other doctors and some dozen nurses.

"In each shift there should ideally be a nurse for every two beds," he says, "but given the nursing situation in Israel, we're only too happy with our present ratio of one to three."

Ninety per cent of the quality intensive care depends on the nursing staff, he notes, and his nurses are "semi-doctors" themselves. "They're the ones who will buy any catastrophes that might occur; they're the ones who are eight hours continuously with the same babies and can judge progress or deterioration, protect the babies from cross-infections and so on."

At present, there are nurses from Australia, England, U.S., Norway, and Finland. Our student nurse, rotating between several departments in the hospital, marvelled at the staff's pace. "They really work here," she said. "In other departments when a nurse takes her coffee break she sits down for a few minutes. Here you grab your cup of coffee and drink it standing by some baby's bed."

However, that is the nature of intensive care, says Eyal, and it's essential that the tempo of this unit remain at a high level.

"The kind of medicine we practice is emergency medicine. Things happen quickly and you don't really have time to think. Reactions have to be more like reflexes. That's why it's important that all the unit's beds should be occupied the whole time: the intensity of the work and the success rate react on one another. During our first year, the mortality rate of babies under one kilo was about 80 per cent; during the second year it dropped to 40 per cent. Not that we're doing anything very differently from before. It's just that everyone has gained more experience and small details have become very important."

The work is not only demanding: it is also emotionally draining. But there is no frenzied rushing about or any sign of tension. The doctors and nurses work quickly but calmly, gliding softly around the unit, never seeming to get in one another's way.

INTENSIVE care is not the only kind meted out by the team. No less important is TLC — tender loving care, says Biril, a Norwegian nurse who has been with the unit for over a year.

"Babies must be cuddled," she says, gently feeding a tiny six-month-old who, at 870 grams, was the smallest baby to survive, but who was now almost ready to have his brit mila and be able to go home.

One of the ways to provide the necessary warmth and affection is to involve the parents, particularly the mothers, in the unit's work as much as possible. Important as this contact is for the babies, it is no less vital for the mothers themselves.

"The natural bonding that occurs between a mother and her baby can be very easily severed by the baby's being in intensive care, very sick, connected to a lot of impersonal instruments and not close to the mother," says Eyal. "We have to try to prevent this happening."

It's also important for both parents to understand what's going on here. It's a trying period for them. When they first come here, they're often frightened, some even faint. It's important that parents realize what's happening, so that whatever transpires they can cope with it and can get things in perspective.

The presence of parents is just as important for the team, he adds.

"The babies are very cute and all that, but they can't talk. It's important that the staff can relate the baby to his parents; it makes the whole process of treatment more human, more personal. We're not just making sure a nameless, non-communicative organism survives — we're trying to give a mother and father a healthy, happy child."

Eyal himself is fully conversant with the trials of such a parent. Four-and-a-half years ago, while the Hebrew University-trained physician was specializing in newborn intensive care in Memphis, Tennessee, his own daughter was born two months early. As chance would have it, the doctor with whom Eyal was training was on leave and he found himself having to practise his newly-acquired skills on his own child.

THERE WERE two mothers in the unit when I visited, bottle-feeding their diminutive infants in "the mother's corner." Yehudit Cohen, from Jerusalem's Kalamonim, has three older children, all delivered in the seventh month, the last nine years ago. The new baby, a boy, weighed only 770 grams at birth and lost 100 of them before beginning to flesh out to his present 2.5 kilos. Because of an insufficiency of oxygen, sophisticated laser treatment was required to save his sight, and he suffered several setbacks. But he seemed healthy and happy enough as he hungrily pulled at the feeding teat.

Next to Yehudit sat Samira Rahabesh, who lives in Wadi Joa in East Jerusalem. About 25 per cent of the patients admitted are Arabs, says Eyal. The ratio would be higher, but many Arab babies are still being delivered at home and, in addition, it is not easy to get an ailing infant from a Hebron or Nablus hospital to Mt. Scopus in time. Little Salim is particularly precious to Samira — three previous full-term babies all died within their first week from intestinal complications. Salim was born with these, too, and was immediately operated on in the

hospital's pediatric surgery department. He had to be fed intravenously and, when the staff discovered that he couldn't hold down milk, they concocted a special formula for the little Arab boy — consisting mainly of chicken soup. Now Salim weighs 2.3 kilos, eats normally and makes normal stools.

Samira is beside herself with joy and both she and Yehudit seem to be searching for the right phrases to express their appreciation for Eyal and his team.

Tears well up in Yehudit's eyes as she repeats, over and over, "No words, there are no words. They work so hard, they give everything. Wonderful, wonderful. No words."

"It's not just the medical care," adds Samira. "These doctors and nurses have such honesty, such tact. They don't hide anything from you, like some other doctors. You matter here. You're also a person."

Once a week, the staff meet with all the parents for a question-and-answer session. And the contact with the families does not end with the infant's release from the ICU: the babies have to be brought to the clinic for a check-up every week or every few weeks, depending on their condition. And in cases where the infant does not live, the unit's social worker goes into the home to provide whatever psychological and material care may be needed.

Recently, this ongoing contact between medical staff, parents and babies found another, joyous, avenue of expression. In June, some 100 "graduates" of the unit came from all over the country to celebrate the second anniversary of its inauguration. Each tot received a "Thank you, Hadassah" T-shirt and a certificate from the ICU — testimony to the lease on life given them by the doctors and nurses who had pulled them through. □

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## GOLDEN SPOON SOUPS FOR A WARM WELCOME



Serve your family or guests a steaming plate of Golden Spoon Soup and they'll think you've spent hours getting it just right. The outstanding flavour and real homemade taste make Osem's Golden Spoon Soups — pea, minestrone, and krupnik — mushroom barley — a great treat at any meal.

Golden Spoon Soups come in individual aluminum sachets of three rich servings each.

Golden Spoon Soups for a warm welcome.

It's good it's **OSEM**



**THE SHADOW** of World War I was moving over Europe, but in Paris the intellectual elite was in the throes of the fever of another battle, the one between the young *avant-garde* artists and the old masters. The new artistic strivings engulfed most of the young Jewish painters in Paris, including young Arthur Szyk (born in Lodz, Poland in 1894).

In keeping with the new artistic moods, Szyk began painting fanciful compositions that greatly appealed to his colleagues. These abstract pictures, which Szyk painted with little effort, were invested by various friends with outlandish meanings, some of which contradicted each other. In Szyk's rational mind this wakened doubts as to the true worth of his paintings, and he began to speak out against the *avant-garde* movement. He became increasingly convinced that his direction in art was not that of Montparnasse but of the Louvre.

The more time Szyk spent at the Louvre, the more he steeped himself in the works of the classicists, the more his admiration of the old masters grew. He would sit for days in the large halls where glass cases held collections of 14th- and 16th-century miniatures created in the monasteries of eastern and northern France. He was especially impressed by the illuminated prayerbooks and Bibles that were the major works of those miniaturists. He marvelled at the Psalter of Paris, illustrated in the second half of the 15th century by Andre Beauneveu, and the prayerbooks of Jacquemart the Meudin in Paris and Brussels. He was fascinated by the works of Jean Fouquet, the greatest miniaturist of the 15th century, especially by his series of Biblical miniatures, "Antiquités Judaïques."

His study led him to the conclusion that Jewish art would have to be based on a union of images ingrained in the Jewish consciousness and the sacred word: the prayerbook, and foremost — the Bible.

**SZYK BEGAN** to dream of a movement that would infuse new energy into Jewish art and give it direction, and inspire interest in art among the general Jewish public. He decided to do so by illuminating the great Jewish books, in the manner of the French Medieval miniaturists. But he also decided that in order to do so authentically, he would first have to immerse himself more deeply in his people's heritage.

He decided to start by going to Eretz Yisrael, where the monuments of the Jewish people's beginnings were preserved and where he would find the living traces of Jewish national heroism, an element that he considered particularly vital to the artistic revival he envisioned.

But first he would have to return to Poland in order to raise money for the trip.

Szyk's arrival in his native Lodz created quite a stir in the thriving Jewish artistic and literary circles there.

The centre of Jewish community life in Lodz was the Hazamir literary-musical society, then headed by the Zionist leader, Dr. Uri Rosenblat, who was later to become a member of parliament in Independent Poland. Szyk told the leaders of Hazamir that he wished to organize an artistic expedition to Eretz Yisrael, not only to record the remnants of the ancient Jewish past, but also to promote the Zionist idea among

the Jewish masses in Europe.

The members of the expedition — Szyk, painter Max Haneman and writer A. Nissenhaus — would make sketches and gather material for a panoramic exhibit modelled after the monumental "Panorama of Racławice" in Lwow, created by the great Polish painters Wojciech Kossak and Jan Styka, depicting the Polish victory over the Russians near Racławice in 1794. The Eretz Yisrael panorama would show the heroic battle of the Maccabees against the Seleucids and the saga of the new *halutzim*. It would be exhibited in Jewish centres in Europe and America.

Szyk's timing was auspicious, and the Hazamir people agreed to help. The three men set out in mid-April after being given a gala farewell banquet by Hazamir and a royal send-off at the railroad station. The Polish Jewish press gave the whole undertaking full coverage.

**AT THE VERY** outset of the ocean voyage, Szyk had an experience that further excited his vision about the projected panorama.

He and his two companions arrived at the Rumanian port of Constanza just as the captain of the French ship was weighing anchor. In that same frenzied moment, another group of latecomers arrived. They were Bratzlav Hassidim from various Ukrainian towns who told of the many hardships they had encountered on the way to the Rumanian port. The captain refused to let them board, and even made anti-Semitic remarks about their appearance.

Thanks only to Szyk's intervention, — his fluent French impressed the captain — the Hassidim were allowed aboard. They saw Szyk's intervention as a miracle, and as soon as they reached the deck they broke into spontaneous dancing into which they pulled their saviour.

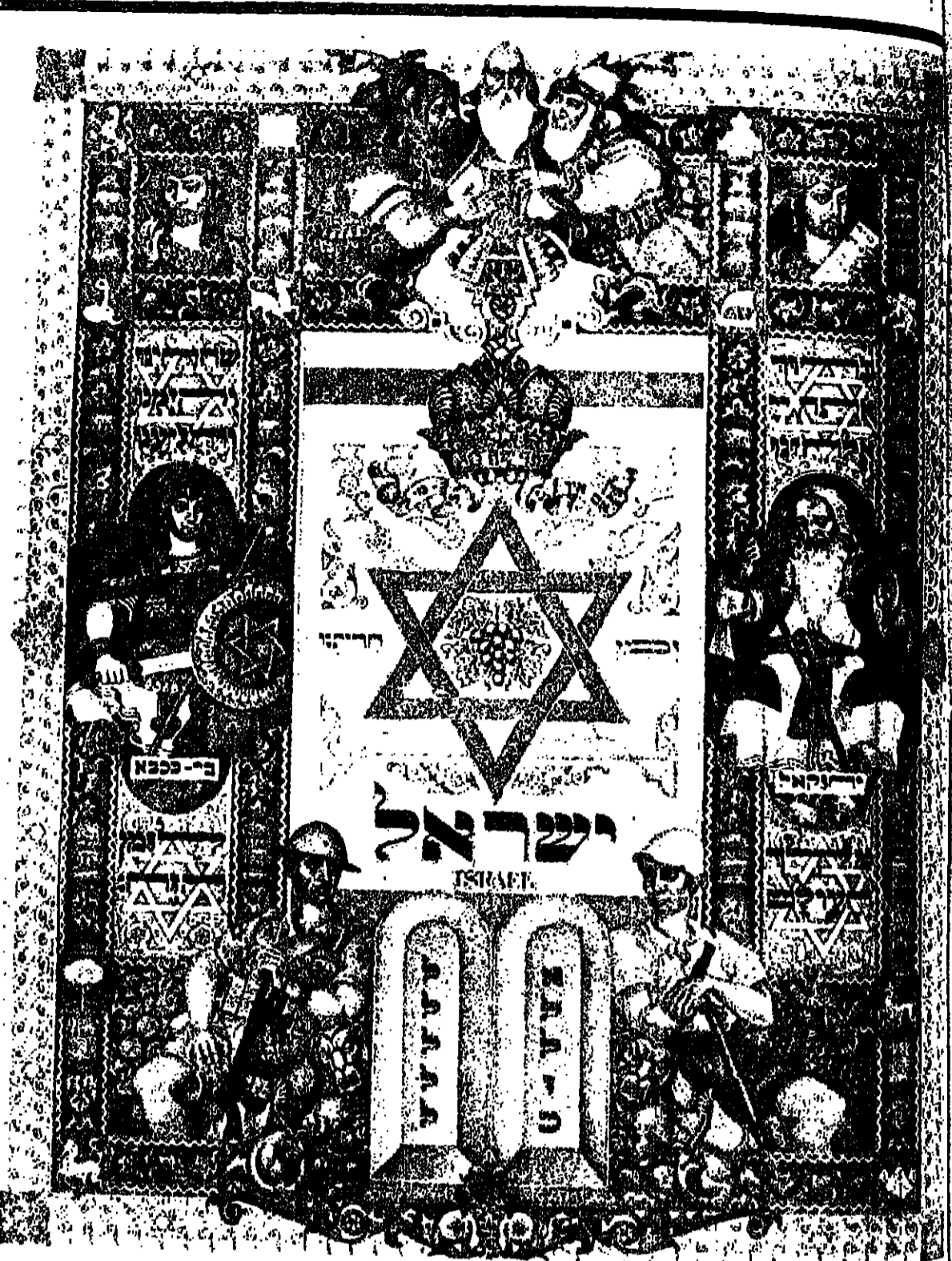
The unexpected meeting with the Bratzlav Hassidim left a lasting impression on the young artist. He was captivated by the wonderful stories of their renowned Rabbi Nahman, who took a trip to Eretz Yisrael in 1798.

As the ship drew closer to the shores of Eretz Yisrael, Szyk stood on the upper deck saturating himself with the colours of the Mediterranean and the sky colours he had never before encountered in nature. The lustrous blue reminded him of the paintings of Raphael and other Italian masters, especially the early medieval miniaturists who painted just such skies without a trace of cloud.

Finally, they disembarked at Jaffa. After spending some hours wandering through Jaffa's exotic crowded streets, the three newcomers walked across the empty dunes to Tel Aviv.

Tel Aviv was only five years old in 1914, but Szyk found it a bustling community with a strong cultural orientation. In the centre of the hundred-odd wooden houses and barracks stood the imposing structure of the Herzliya Gymnasium, the fledgling city's cultural centre. And among the first sketches Szyk made in Eretz Yisrael are those of young men sitting and splitting stones in the sandy passages between the wooden houses, or paving Tel Aviv's first streets.

**THE NEWS** soon spread that a delegation of artists had arrived from Lodz, and the three were swamped with requests to visit



# Search for heritage

Arthur Szyk (shown below with Ze'ev Jabotinsky) is best known for his anti-Nazi cartoons, published in the U.S. during World War II. But he was also a noted illustrator and miniaturist, who at one point in his career sought to found a new movement in Jewish art. S.L. Shneiderman, describes Szyk's visit to Eretz Yisrael in 1914.



# POST PULLOUT GUIDE

## The Poster

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Jerusalem**  
**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Series by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Heinz Bernard and Michael Schneider. In English. (King David Hotel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Hilton, Thursday at 9 p.m. Show at Hilton includes free drink and "Songs of the Shetl" with Gladys and Danny)  
**ISRAEL GURION** — (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)  
**JAZZ** — Danny Gottfried, Violin Ponnarov, Nisim Yemini, Boris Gomar. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)  
**JULIAN CHAGRIN** — Mime artist (Hilton Hotel, tonight at 9)  
**LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON** — With Gadi Yagel and Hanna Laslow. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, tomorrow at 9.15 p.m.)  
**MAN ON THE MOON** — Film (England, 1960) directed by Basil Dearden. With Kenneth More. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 8 and 8.30 p.m.)  
**RURAMA** — (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)  
**Tel Aviv**  
**DAVID BROZA** — (Little Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, tomorrow at midnight)  
**GAZOL** — (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinks, Monday at 9 p.m.)  
**NATURAL CHOICE GROUP** — (Tzavta, Thursday at 8.30 and 10.30 p.m.)  
**TEVIKA PIK** — (Beit Hahayal, Sunday at 9 p.m.)  
**Haifa**  
**GAZOL** — (Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)  
**HAGASHASH HANIVER** — In a programme written and directed by Yossi Banai (Amami, tonight at 9.30)  
**Other Towns**  
**FOLKLORE FILIPINO** — 40 Filipino dancers and singers. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 8.48 and 10.40; Yagur, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)  
**GAZOL** — (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30)  
**IN A PANIC** — Comedy with Matti Giladi. (Herzliya, David, tonight at 9.30; Beit Shean, Kimron, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)  
**LIFE IS NO HONEYMOON** — (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 8.30; Yifat, Beit Hatarbut, Monday at 9 p.m.; Ramot Naftali, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Rishon Lesion, Tiferet, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)  
**TELIV MECHUVAN** — (Avihall, Beit Hagudim, tomorrow at 8.30 and 10.30 p.m.)  
**TEVIKA PIK** — (Kiryat Hailik, Savyon, tonight at 9.30)

### MUSIC

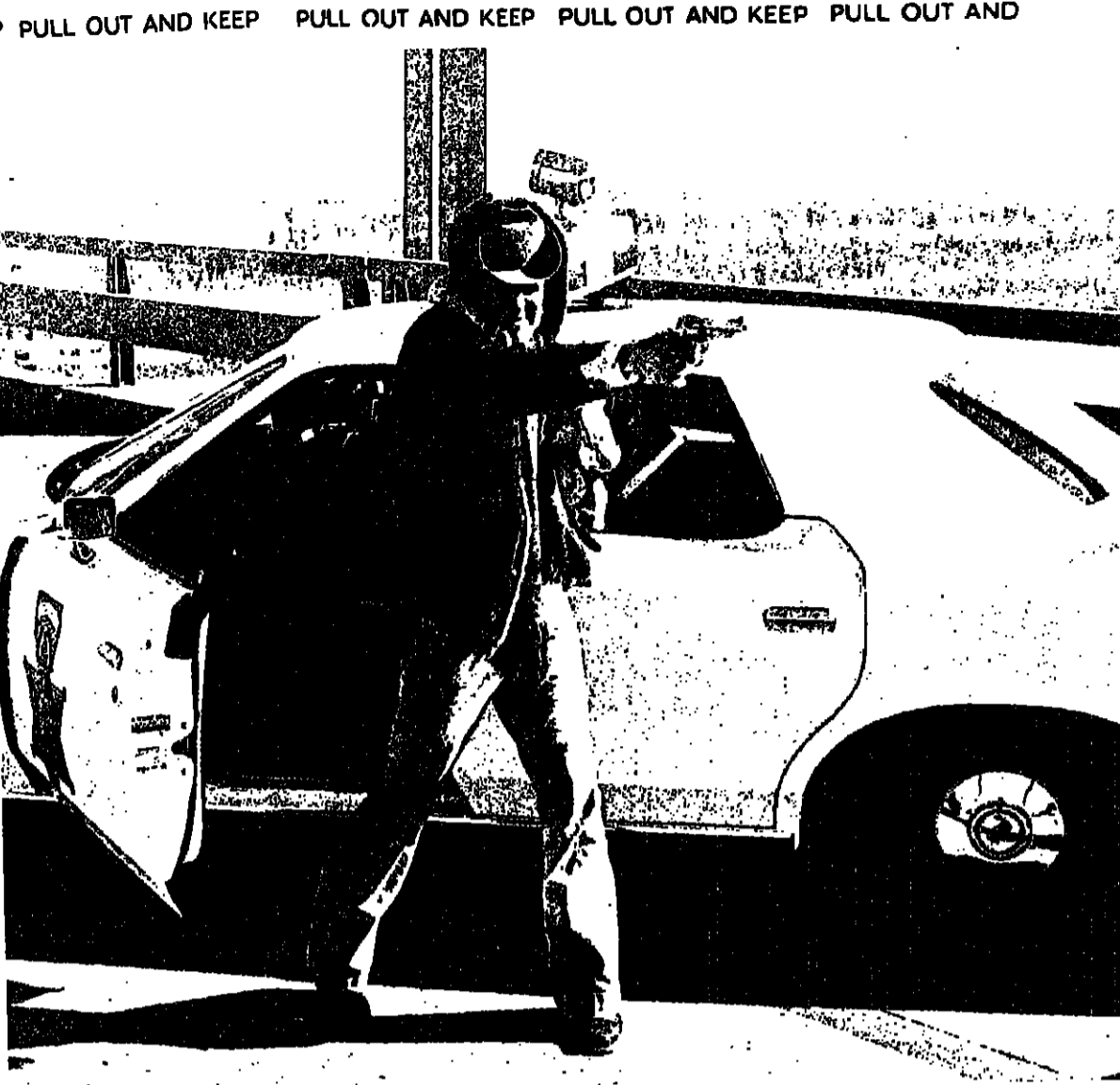
All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.  
**Jerusalem**  
**THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA** — Mendel Rodan, conductor; William Bennett, flute. Works by Villa-Lobos, Mozart, Mendelssohn. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday)  
**ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY** — Directed by Eli Freud; Yehoshua Etzion, violin. Works by Bach, Handel, Biber, Stravinsky. (International Evangelical Church, 25 Hanwellim, tomorrow)  
**SPIRITUAL MUSIC AND DANCE** — Merv and Maria Watson, song, violin, viola, guitar, drums; Jack Bradley, dance. (Ezary Gallery, 18 King David St., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)  
**STRUCTURES SONOBES** — The Leary family perform on their sound structures. Works by Jacques Leary, Sidney David Leary. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)  
**JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** — Gary Bertini, conductor; David Bar Ilan, piano; Jerusalem Music Academy Choir. Works by Schumann, Bartok, Ben Haim. (Binyani Ha'oma, Tuesday at 8.15 p.m.)  
**Tel Aviv**  
**CAMERETTA TRIO** — With Ilan Gronich, violin. Works by Bartok, Brahms, Beethoven. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)  
**11:11 SERIES** Varda Neher, piano. Works by J.S. Bach. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)  
**ORGAN RECITAL** — Rolf Karlsen plays works by Bach, Telemann (Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hofman, tonight)  
**TESTIMONIUM FIVE** — Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra; Juan Pueblo Aquiter, conductor. Works by Stockhausen, Halfter, Kagel. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow) Works by Sadal, Amy, Nunes. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday)  
**Haifa**  
**HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** — George Singer, conductor. Works by Rosini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven (Auditorium, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)  
**ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY** — Kohava Fritsker, flute. Works by Bach, Orlando, Gibbons, Telemann, Vercelti. (Stella Maria Church, Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.)  
**Other Towns**  
**THE ISRAEL SINFONETTA BEERSHEBA** — Details as for Jerusalem. (Beersheba Conservatory, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday; Kibbutz Dorot, Wednesday)  
**NETANYA ORCHESTRA** — Samuel Lewis, conductor; Pnina Saltman, piano. Works by Smetana, Grieg, Haydn, Ponchelli. (Avihall, Beethoven, Tel Hagudim, Tuesday)  
**JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** — Details as for Jerusalem. (Eli' Haehofel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

### OPERA

**THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA** Founder: The late Edla de Philippe. Conductors: M. George Singer, Alexander Taraki, Azish Levron. Chorus conductor: Dr. Hillel Pinks.  
**OPERA EVENING** — Scenes from "La Via Portuense," "La Perichole," "Byiva," "Show Boat," "The Gypsy Baron," "The Merry Widow," "Paganini." (Tel Aviv, tomorrow and Wednesday)  
**RIGOLETTO** — By Verdi. Cast: Rio Novello, Umberto Soalavino, Isaacs Kriger, Esther Baumel, Gloria Sharon, Mordechai Ben-Shaachar. (Tel Aviv, Thursday)  
**LA TRAVIATA** — By Verdi. Cast: Esther Baumel, Umberto Soalavino, Sarry Bechar, Rio Novello, L. Anislov, M. Ben-Shaachar, G. Sharon, Clara Klopot, I. Kriger, A. Bonneschein. (Tel Aviv, Sunday)

### DANCE

**ISRAEL CLASSICAL BALLET** — (Tel Aviv, Habimah, Tuesday and Wednesday)



George Poppard, as an escaped convict, shoots it out in "Five Days From Home."

### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.  
**Jerusalem**  
**THE FALL** — By Albert Camus. Translated and directed by Niko Nital. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, tonight at 9.30)  
**SEVEN BEGGARS** — New Khan Theatre production, directed by Yossi Yisraeli. (Khan, opposite railway station, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)  
**SPRING AWAKENING** — By Frank Wedekind. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday)  
**Tel Aviv**  
**AND THERE WAS A HOLE...** — Political satire by Hillel Mittelputk and Yehoshua Sobol. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvrol, tonight at 9)  
**BOYCOT FOR A YEAR** — Poorly done documentary about the Haifa Theatre's Project Group that went to Kiryat Shmona to help the community. Directed by Nola Chilton, who also initiated the Project. (Tzavta, Sunday)  
**DEATH OF A SALESMAN** — The Cameri's production of Arthur Miller's play. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday, Thursday)  
**THE DYBBUK** — Hebrew adaptation of S. Ansky's famous Yiddish play. (Habimah's Large Hall, Sunday, Monday, Thursday)  
**THE FALL** — (Beit Hoven, Dizengoff St., tomorrow and Wednesday)  
**GALILEO GALILEI** — By Brecht. Produced by the Haifa Theatre. (Cameri, Tuesday and Wednesday)  
**REMEMBERED HEADLINES** — Cameri Theatre production. By Ruth Ziv Ryal. Stage design by Avichal Eyal. Play with movement and sound but no words. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)  
**HOMeward BOUND** — The first part of Yehoshua Sobol's projected trilogy "The Days of the House of Kaplan," an Israeli version of Aeschylus' "Oresteia." The play is set in Tel Aviv on November 28, 1947 — the day of the UN decision on the creation of a Jewish State. Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Small Hall, Sunday and Monday)  
**L.S. DIONYSOS** — The title is a combination of LSD and Dionysus, the mythological god of wine. The play is about intoxication — the pushing, shouting contemporary Israeli kind.

### FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH

**THE STOLEN AIRPLANE** — English film. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 3.30 p.m.)  
**WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LAND OF WIT?** — Play with Hava Alberstein and Avraham Mor. (Arad, Community Centre, today at 4; Kiryat Shmona, Shneer, Sunday at 4 p.m.)  
**THE SNOW QUEEN** — Arik Samit's puppet theatre. (Arad, Matneah, Sunday; Dimona, Monday; Netivot, Tuesday; Yamit, Wednesday; Beerot, Thursday)  
**KISHKASITA** — Play with actors and puppets. (Netivot, today; Kiryat Malachi, Matneah, Monday at 4.30 p.m.; Petah Tikva, Hefchal, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Beit Hahayal, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Raanana, Orot, Thursday at 4 p.m.)  
 For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact Box Office.



A NEW NAME HAS appeared in Israel's musical annals. The Israel Sinfonietta-Beersheba. The change is not only nominal, but signifies a new departure in the group's scope and programming which will be more than that of a chamber ensemble but something less than of a full-fledged symphony orchestra. The Sinfonietta has some 30 musicians, 14 of them new faces.

Eight subscription concerts are being offered to Beershebanans, each to be repeated four times. Four of the programmes will be offered in Jerusalem and five in Tel Aviv. Thus far, an encouraging total of 1,400 subscriptions have already been sold in Beersheba.

Of the eight concerts, Mendi Rodan, the Musical Director and Chief Conductor, will conduct three. The others will be under the baton of three Israelis — Camilla Koltchinsk, Yoel Levy (now assistant conductor with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra) and George Singer — and Luis Herrera de la Fuente from Mexico (who appears under the patronage of the Mexican Ambassador) and Bruno Campanella from Italy who has already given concerts in Israel.

Most of the soloists are also Israelis: Jacques and Yvonne Laury who will offer their *Struc-*

## Beersheba innovation

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS/  
Yohanan Boehm and Esther Reuther

*tures Sonores*, the singer Notania Dovrat (Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne*) Doron Salomon (the Castelnuovo-Tedesco guitar *Concerto*, Rafael Sommer (the Shostakovich *Cello Concerto*), the pianist Natasha Tadson (the Shostakovich *Concerto for Piano, Trumpet and Orchestra*) and the Yuval Trio (Beethoven's *Triple Concerto*).

Three Israeli compositions will also be performed: Stutchevsky's *Music for Strings*, Ma'ayan's *Solomon Songs* for strings and George Singer's *Sinfonietta*, to be conducted by the composer himself.

The soloists from abroad this season are William Bennett of England who is reputed to be one of the world's best flautists and who appears under the auspices of the British Council, and Claude Frank, a first-rate pianist from the United States.

The programmes are well-balanced and should offer something of interest to most listeners. The Young People's Concerts and special events in-

ditional series is an experiment aimed at attracting new and younger subscribers with a programme of lighter music.

Dan Vogel, the orchestra's chief conductor, will take over four of the 10 subscription concerts. The others will be under the baton of guest conductors, most of them Israeli. Among the foreign conductors are Enrique Batiz, of the Mexican National Orchestra. He will conduct a little known folkloristic Mexican composition by Revueltas in memory of Federico Garcia Lorca. Another guest will be Lothar Zagrosek from Germany who will conduct a contemporary work for strings, *Fin al punto*.

This season will also give pride of place to young soloists. A young Israeli pianist, Ariel Cohen, will make his debut. Robert Cohen, cellist who won the "Young Concert Artists International Auditions," in New York during the 1977/78 season, and Simon Roland Johns, a violinist, both from England, will also appear. Among the lesser known contemporary compositions on this season's programme are Martin's *Builde for Cello*, Walton's *Viola Concerto*, Rodrigo's *Concerto for Four Guitars* and Vaughan Williams' *The Wasps*.

Flat Note: Dan Vogel has been relieved of his appoint-

ment as musical director. He will also have to work with a more modestly sized ensemble, because former members of the Galilee Orchestra who had joined the HSO have left.

TWO ISRAELIS have won prestigious prizes abroad: Doron Salomon has won first prize at the International Conductors' Competition in Besancon, France. Born in Tel Aviv 29 years ago, Doron is better known here as a classical guitarist. After receiving scholarships from the Sharett Fund for Young Artists and from the America-Israel Cultural Foundation, he studied in Tel Aviv until a special scholarship from the AICF allowed him to continue his studies at the Royal College of Music in London from 1974 to 1978 where he took prizes for guitar playing and conducting.

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YOU ENTER the cavernous hall of the Jerusalem Khan and stumble in the semi-darkness over mattresses strewn on the floor, over pots and pans and bottles and scraps of food. Some light comes from candles which cover almost an entire wall; there are huddled bodies on some of the mattresses; a legless beggar, tin cup in hand, leans over a shrouded body. Hideously deformed men emerge out of the dark to limp across the floor, climb walls, issue strange sounds. Incongruously sweet, soft violin music comes from a distant corner.

Once seated on the filthy mattresses, you don't know which way to look, for strange things are happening all around you. It takes a while before you realize that you are in a cemetery, and the men are beggars living here on alms given by mourners.

*Seven Beggars* is Yossi Yizraeli's adaptation-staging of stories told by Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav, the 18th-century Hassidic luminary who taught his disciples by means of parables, so esoteric that only those steeped in Hassidic lore could understand them. I wonder if Yizraeli's stage interpretation of these tales brings them closer to the uninitiated; this uninitiated spec-

## Too much spectacle

THEATRE  
Mendel Kohansky

tator found them hermetic, though tantalizing in their opaqueness.

ONE BEGGAR opens with the tale of the king who decided to hand over his kingdom to his son, and to celebrate the event with a splendid banquet. The other beggars get into the spirit of the story by staging an impromptu banquet, and when they discover in their midst a boy and a girl, both lost, ragged and hungry, they decide to have a mock wedding. A hideous orgy of eating begins as all sorts of revolting food and drink are brought out to be devoured and spilled all over the mattresses and the floor (this is not a play for the finicky).

Each of the beggars also offers the young couple a story as a wedding gift. The blind beggar who maintains that he can see better than anyone with a pair of good eyes, relates how a band of shipwrecks who found refuge in a tower on an island engaged in a memory con-

test, which he won, for he remembered so far back that there was nothing to remember. And the deaf beggar who maintains that he can hear better than anyone else, tells of a rich, beautiful land whose population he saved when they became impoverished after their wicked king destroyed the orchard that sustained them.

And the beggar with the stutter who can speak better than anyone else, knows of a spring on top of a mountain which has to be reached by the heart; and it is he who wanders through the world collecting the good deeds of which time is made in order to send them to the heart so that it can reach the spring.

And the crooked beggar, who insists that his neck is as straight as anyone else's, has been to two

towns whose inhabitants cannot sleep because two birds, which have been separated, wall all night, and he with his music can bring them together so that the people will sleep again.

And the beggar with the hunchback tells the young couple that he is the only person in the world who knows the way to the tree where all the truth and wisdom of the universe are contained.

And the armless beggar is the one who saved — with the strength of his arms — the beautiful princess who ran away from an evil king to find refuge in a castle with walls built of water, which no one but he could penetrate. And when the turn comes of the legless beggar, we learn that he did not attend the wedding banquet, for he has no story to tell. According to Rabbi Nahman, the legless beggar's story will be told only when Messiah comes.

AS THE ABOVE outline demonstrates, the stories are full of hidden meanings cloaked in

opaque symbols and rich poetic imagery. I wonder if those stories would not have yielded more of their mysteries had they been told in a straightforward manner, which would have enabled the spectator — or, rather, the listener — to concentrate on the text. Here, the spectacle is so overwhelming, so much is happening in the vast space of the Khan, in so many places at the same time, that the text recedes into the background, the show collapses under the weight of the staging.

I write this fully realizing that it is churlish of me not to appreciate the immense amount of effort on the part of the director and actors and the other artists who contributed to the impressive spectacle.

The greatly dedicated, hard working cast consists of — in no particular order — Aaron Almog, Yacov Ashkenazy, Amos Lavie, Zeruya Lahav, Danny Muja, Avinoam Mar-Hayim, Victor Altar, Neta Plotzky, Avie Penini, Hayim Fermont, Shabtai Konorty and Moshe Kalif. The music is by Yossi Mar-Hayim, movement is by Mirale Sharon, and Iris Tauman-Rish collaborated with the director in designing the spectacle. □

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**KISHKASHTA AND SHVITZI** (CBS) plays like a children's show guaranteed to please if the kids are fans of the incorrigible cactus star of TV. Kishkashta opens with his theme and some patter, and we are introduced to two adults, Avi Yakir and Dafna Elliot, but its another puppet, Shvitzki, who steals the show in "Tertza Lo Rotze," a little girl who like some big ones says no to everything.

Here and in other cheery tunes (such as "Excuse Me" and "Something Always Happens to Me"), the hard times and humour of every day life are scaled down to child-size, and the music is even better than the morals.

This sophisticated but not too slick LP ends with the popular "Eze Yom Sameach" (What A Happy Day), and any child will have one if presented this highly recommended LP. One oddity — hearing the oldie "Has Anybody

# Hickory dickory rock

**ROCK, ETC / Sasha Sadan and Michal Yudelman**

Seen My Gal?" used as the melody for the song "Ma Ykral." to be cute, these songs fall as flat as a cake that has risen too high.

ANOTHER CBS release, *The Out Simmel*, features songs and stories from Shoshik Shani, a talented artist who has a way with a song and does fine imitations of a fly, a fox and a couple of porcupines among other members of the animal world. But somehow the mixture doesn't jell. One absolutely lovely song, *Six Turles* which ends the first side, is the kind of number that gets you nodding your head and tapping your toes, but here it shows up the rest of the material. In trying so hard

The amazing thing about the contemporary-sounding collection of Deep Purple's most successful Singles A's and B's is that all of the songs are about 10 years old. The latest ones were released in 1971. Either these guys were way ahead of their time, or things haven't changed much in the kingdom of rock.

It's interesting to note the diversity between the two sides of this album. The first, featuring the Ritchie Blackmore, Jon Lord, Ian Paice, Nick Simper and Rod Evans band line-up, is basic, formative and often lacks true direction. The second side, however, is much more powerful and positive, due in no small measure to the departure of Simper and Evans and arrival of bass player Roger Glover and silver-throated screaming vocalist Ian Gillan. From "Hush" on the A's side, the album spans three years of the

group's musical development to the Purps' hardest-hitting, heaviest and perhaps finest hit, "Fireball," on the B's side.

The David Essex Album — His Greatest Hits (CBS), is a mood album, mostly quiet songs in heavily instrumental arrangements. Includes "Rolling Stone," "Brave New World," "Gonna Make You A Star," "America," "Coming Home," "Ooh Love," and others.

That Summer! (CBS) is the soundtrack of the movie by that name. Includes various songs by many different singers. "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" by Ian Drury and the Blockheads; "I Don't Want to Go to Chelsea" and "Watching the Detectives," by Elvis Costello; "She's So Modern" and "Kicks" by the Boomtown Rats; "Whole Wide World" by Wreckless Eric and many others.

# Secrets of 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.

FOR THOSE who didn't see the American version of *Upstairs Downstairs* on Jordan TV a few months ago, *Backstairs at the White House* will be shown on Saturday nights (22.15) instead of the regular thriller. Based on an autobiographical account by the Lillian Rogers Parks, the series covers the personal lives of eight presidents and their families in the years 1909-61. Leslie Uggams (Kizzie in *Roots*) stars as Lillian Rogers Parks, and Olivia Cole (Matilda in *Roots*) as her mother Maggie Rogers.

The *Paper Chase* (TV, Tuesday, 22.05) is another American series that begins this week. The toughest professor at a top university law school tackles a study group of first-year students who to maintain their sanity and humour in the face of their struggle for academic survival. It promises to be an interesting series, but sadly, it is replacing Billie, Rossi, Mrs. Fynchon, Charlie and the rest of the newsroom staff on Lou Grant.

## MEDIA WEEK

### Nechamah Golomb

Following its new policy to bring us more full-length films, Television House will be screening two this week. Beat the Devil (Monday, 22.10) is a parody of thriller films with a star cast that includes Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida and Robert Morley. The second film, *Cuisine au beurre* (Wednesday, 22.05), is a French comedy starring Fernandel and Bourvil. A restaurant owner returns home 10 years after the war to find that his wife not only remarried but chose someone who completely changed the character of the restaurant.

The Thursday night documentary slot (TV, 21.35) will be filled by an unusual biography of Albert Einstein. The film moves from his early years as a brilliant intellectual to his later years as a lonely voice preaching nuclear disarmament.

Music lovers can see the first of

this season's television concerts (Tuesday, 21.35) live from Binyenel Ha'oma. The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gary Bertini will play Bela Bartok's *Miraculous Mandarin* Suite.

Personalities (TV, Monday, 21.35) is a new monthly programme focusing on the lives of exceptional people. The first in the series, entitled Shmarya Gutman of Gamla, is about a member of Kibbutz Na'an. One of the founders of the Zionist underground in Iraq, Gutman excavated ancient Gamla on the Golan Heights.

Of course we have our regular features too. Worthy of note is *Portraits of Power* (TV, Tuesday, 20.30) which is devoted to Ben-Gurion and the creation of the State of Israel. *Charlie's Angels* (TV, Sunday, 22.05) will have Sammy Davis Jr. as its guest star. The English Language Drama (Radio, 1st Programme, Friday, 23.00) is *The Strawberry Ice* by Natalia Ginsburg.



Leslie Uggams in "Backstairs at the White House" (TV, Saturday, 22.15).

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TO UPSET the resounding fiascos which mark the progress of our iron-willed government, there is at least one vital field in which the authorities' endeavours have been crowned by brilliant success. The reference is to the massive efforts to rid the state of its inhabitants. We won't use the dread word *yored*, because the Israeli does not emigrate from the land of his fathers, nor does he leave it for good; he only vanishes from the scene for a while. A month, two months, a year. At most, for life. At any given time, an average of half a million Israelis are living beyond our country's borders, i.e., one in four adult citizens. The professionals and the enterprising are leaving in droves; the clerks stay. That is, the majority stay. And why do they stay? For emotional reasons, and for lack of space on the sidewalk in front of the American Embassy. But wait, all hope is not yet lost. The Vienna dropout rate has stabilized at 75°C in the shade, and the *olim* from Persia left behind a few carpets which disappeared at Led. Makes you feel good.

The world teams with migrant Israelis. You meet them in the alleyways of Amsterdam, in the clothing stores of London and in the red-light district of Bangkok. Our grocer's messenger boy went there again this summer on his way to the island of Sumatra, and on his return sang the praises of this enchanting district. It's a fact that half of New York City's taxi drivers are our boys, and two-thirds of Hamburg's bordello bosses speak Hebrew. They say the heroin connection, too, is controlled by us.

The cement that holds together the stones of this motley mosaic of Israeli mobility is a blue-tinted common denominator: the Israeli passport.

SINCE THE beginning of time, men have dreamt of being citizens of the world. What a tempting thought it is to be free of the fetters imposed by an inflation-ridden country! The luxury - to say nothing of the material rewards - of soaring like a swallow over the continents and under the radar screens of the various tax authorities! Not to pay anything anywhere and not to serve in any army; not to obey any law and not to be cramped by any restraints. To be a foreign resident is the dream status nowadays.

This absolute freedom is a heady affair, this flight of the Hebrew swallow, citizen of the wide world. What's that, sir? Why doesn't all mankind join this happy band of excursionists? Because they don't have the passport, that's why.

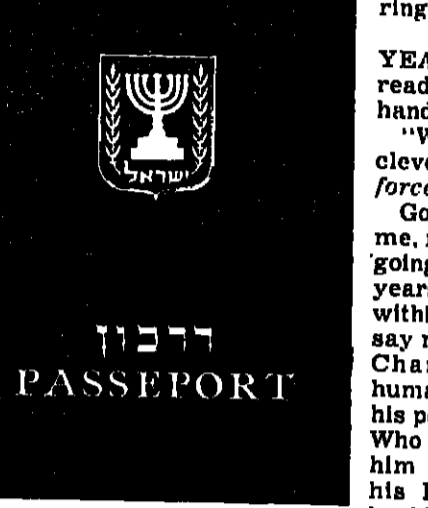
To get this vital piece of cardboard, the bird has to lower its flaps and land somewhere. There is no in-flight refueling. Nowhere in the world are passports issued to intercontinental inhabitants. Except for Israel, naturally.

How do you get it?  
 Easily. You fly to a certain airport in the Middle East, step onto the tarmac and inform the first uniformed man you meet that you are Jewish. Whereupon you get an Israeli passport. Whereupon you may turn on your heel, board the same plane, and return to your warehouse. That is why this law is called the Law of Return. The freshly-baked Israeli need never again come back to that airport; he is the proud owner of an Israeli passport to the end of his days. As a matter of fact, he couldn't get rid of it even if he tried.

NOTHING is as heart-warming as an Israeli passport smuggling in

**The wild blue yonder**

Ephraim Kishon



your pocket. If you are caught with a sole of hashish or some white formica powder, you are a Holocaust victim or something. If you are haunted by some nasty German woman judge, you can always as a last resort escape to Israel and collect the prizes the government reserves for *yordim*. The Jewish Agency and the Ministry of Absorption will fight each other for the privilege of covering your travel expenses. Great efforts will be made to integrate you socially; loans, housing and professional training will be forthcoming. All that, comrade, on condition that you have been away from your country for at least two years - that is, that you are a genuine deserter, not a harmless AWOL.

But man does not live by *pitta* alone. Even more important is the respect and the deep gratitude you will earn for your patriotic act. According to one school of thought, this royal treatment does not necessarily prove the authorities' intention to glorify the *yored*; it is a symptom of the government's subconscious contempt for the shlemiels who stay put here.

Just consider the free offers of the various government agencies and the media for snaring former Israeli personalities, artists or writers, who condescend to visit our country. These are merely a concrete expression of the respect and admiration felt by the hapless little Israeli for his successful counterpart who gyrates among the goyim with an Israeli passport in his pocket.

That booklet is a much desired object, no doubt about it. When, some time ago, a prime minister had the impertinence to call the *yordim* "craven vermin" our intellectuals rose up in arms, these words having struck direct at their most sacred tenet: the right to denigrate the country. And so our best sons head outwards. Us, second-raters, we stay behind.

THE MASSIVE investment by this most successful of all our governments in creating a new diaspora was not started by it. In their time, all our previous governments encouraged mass emigration, both by distributing prizes to *yordim* and by penalizing the stay-behinds. This is the Oral

Law, the law for the Dispersion of the Exiles.  
 We remember the times when whole families of Jews moved from various danger-spots in Europe to other parts of beautiful Europe, shipping the sick, insane and aged members to the Holy Land in their thousands. A messianic ideology for the creation of a national refuse-bin, slide by slide with the indiscriminate awarding of Israeli passports. To this day, tens of thousands of blue passports are orbiting around the world in a fiery Dropout Hera, with more dancers joining the ring every day.

YEAH, we know. Now the sober reader will place a restraining hand on our shoulder and say: "What you say, my boy, is very clever, but do you really want to force Jews to live here?"

God forbid, sir. Far be it from me, ma'am. Anyone who feels like going on a trip abroad for a dozen years or so has my blessing. He is within his democratic rights, to say nothing of the United Nations Charter, that repository of humane morality. Maybe, from his point of view, he is even right. Who am I to say? All we ask of him is one thing: that he return his Israeli passport, that blue booklet with the menora on the cover. Afterwards, he can soar away towards a new life, free of taxes and war risks and obnoxious civic duties. Let the Hebrew swallow soar 80,000 feet high, let him scorn us to his heart's content - but please, without that blue thing in his pocket. He is neither craven nor vermin, neither traitor nor deserter; he is OK. But please may we have that passport back.

We can't do that? He couldn't walk a single step in the world without a passport? Without a passport they'll boot him out of every single country?  
 For goodness' sake, that's the whole object of the exercise. This poor, tormented and bungling country has no means of staunching the haemorrhage, it has no ace up its sleeve, no convincing argument, no tool whatsoever except the passport. And we put it up for grabs at the airport as if it were an election leaflet.

HAVE WE gone off our rocker? As a matter of fact, the naive may ask, why shouldn't we change the Law of Return while we're at it? If they could fire Flumin, why not this? To the best of our knowledge, all over the world you are issued a passport at the end of a five-year wait, after taking a test in civics. Let's make it three years here, all right? And why not withdraw the passport from the good Israelis who dissolve in the alien fog? After four years of hide-and-seek, let's say. So that at long last our consulates abroad have something to do.

And why, damn it, are those jobly trippers exempted from reserve duty? Is it so illogical to inform the frolicking swallow that he has to report home once every two years (and serve for two months), and pay taxes like the rest of us, otherwise we'll inform all the goyim concerned that his passport is now unserviceable and may be mailed anywhere as a sample without value?  
 It's high time we started protecting the honour of the Israeli passport.

Or are we afraid that the fellows out there will take offence and leave the country?  
 By arrangement with Ma'ariv. Translated by Yohanan Goldman.

**Bidding accurately with Relay Precision**

BRIDGE  
 George Lewnew

TODAY'S DEAL, a dramatic demonstration of Relay Precision, is a candidate for the International Bridge Press Association Best Hand of the Year Award. Norway bid the North-South cards in its match against Poland at the European Bridge Championships.

N - S Vul:

North	South	East (D)
♠ 1073	♠ 85	♠ 85
♥ A J 10	♥ 8 6 5	♥ 8 6 5
♦ 8 7	♦ 8 5 3	♦ 8 5 3
♣ A K 4	♣ 8 5 3	♣ 8 5 3

The bidding:

South	North
1 ♠ (4-)	1 NT (1)
2 ♠ (Relay)	2 ♠ (2)
3 ♠ (Relay)	3 ♠ (3)
4 ♠ (Relay)	4 ♠ (4)
5 ♠ (Relay)	4 NT (5)
6 ♠ (Relay)	5 ♠ (6)
7 ♠	All Pass

- (1) 8-4 balanced
  - (2) 12+
  - (3) 12-14, distribution 3-3-4-3
  - (4) two odd aces, spades and diamonds or hearts and clubs
  - (5) one king
  - (6) one queen
- South's rebids, all one step higher than North's responses, are relays asking for more information. North's bids gave specific information about his hand. South, since he held the spade ace knew that North's two aces had to be hearts and clubs. North's one king had to be the club. South also knew that North's queen, in clubs or in diamonds, could take care of South's third club. And finally, all that was required for the slam was a reasonable spade break. At the replay, the Polish North-South languished in four spades.

Relay Precision is superbly accurate, but too complicated for my taste. Were North-South playing First Up, the bidding would start with one heart by South, the lowest ranking four-card suit. North would bid two no trump; 12-14 points balanced. South would now know that North had two or three aces. He would count his spade A K Q as worth three extra points, giving a total of 22 points, and plan to play in spades. His bid would then be Blackwood GCR, four no trump, as bid by the Norwegian pair. On learning about the ace in hearts and clubs, South could also bid six spades. It would be reasonable to hope to discard the third club, or to win four hearts, making the slam.

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IF YOU THOUGHT that the war in Vietnam was senseless, wait until you see the movies. Trying to find a common theme for the recent spate of films about the war is about as easy as finding Gen. William Westmoreland's famous (and non-existent) light at the end of the tunnel.

# On-screen Vietnam

FILMS/Chaim Heller

Understanding these films demands a somewhat more complex analysis than comparing story-lines and a few quotes of clever dialogue. Who made a particular film? What are its underlying assumptions about America? What does it tell us about America today and about possible American attitudes in the coming years?

The recent background of such films is as revealing as the movies themselves. Throughout the 1980s, most films attempted to reflect the society in which they were made. Under the banner of "relevance," films began to question the basic values of Western political thought.

New film-makers sprang up like poppies in a wheatfield, adding vitality and colour — generally red — to the film world. Godard, Costa-Gavras, Giles Pontecarvo and Bertolucci led the way, and few screenwriters would sign their names to a script without some social commentary. Even

non-political films such as *The Graduate*, *Cool Hand Luke* and *Five Easy Pieces* swathed themselves in socio-political band-aids, and were box office hits. Not too much commentary, you understand; just enough to make the films "relevant."

As this formula became successful (and the '60s heated up), the screen soon reflected what was happening on the streets, both figuratively and literally. Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool* was shot on location at the Chicago Democratic Convention in August '68, and even the fictional love story being played out by actors seems a statement against a violent and repressive society at war with itself.

But the real war of the '60s and early '70s was studiously ignored. Having learned that controversy and profits don't mix very well, the Hollywood studios stayed clear of the Vietnam conflict,

(with the forgettable exception of John Wayne's pop-heroic *The Green Berets*). Few film-makers, and even fewer studios, would risk alienating large segments of an audience that had very strong and very polarized feelings.

NEARLY SEVEN years after the U.S. withdrew its troops from Saigon (January 28, 1973), and four and a half after the victory of the NLF and the North Vietnamese (April 30, 1975), we are witnessing a change. The studios and film-makers have apparently decided that passions have cooled sufficiently for the Vietnam War to become yet another remote period of American history, open to interpretation and glamorization too.

Several of the recent films (*The Boys in Company C*, *Go Tell It to the Spartans*, *Apocalypse Now*) deal ostensibly with the U.S. Army as a fighting force, while actually seeing the soldiers as a



Martin Sheen as Capt. Willard in Coppola's 'Apocalypse Now.'

not come away with either a detailed overview or a particular perspective on the war. They all tend to be anti-war (which film is pro-war?), but in a rather abstract manner, not relating to the specific morality of American involvement in Indochina.

In fact, they are not really about the war at all. They are explorations into the post-war American psyche, and as such are crucial for a better understanding of where the colossus is headed as we are swept along with it.

MICHAEL CIMINO's *The Deer Hunter* is an ambitious work. Using a brilliant cast and a lot of dollars, Cimino has tried to film an epic vision of everyday people whose lives are, and will always be, affected by the war. This is a hard film, difficult to enjoy in the conventional sense of the word. It shows in detail the lives of three Americans and their community before, during and after they go off to fight. It is elaborately constructed, with enough detail for ten lesser films.

A Russian Orthodox wedding takes almost as long on the screen as it might in real life. By the end of it, we feel ourselves a part of the small factory town in which it takes place. We understand instinctively the bonds and rituals

that link Michael (Robert DeNiro), Nicky (Christopher Walken), and Steven (John Savage) to each other and to their surroundings. There is depth and texture to their communal rites and horseplay. We are not surprised that they are going off to fight for their way of life, nor do we criticize their politics.

As a reflection of the general attitude towards the war in the early '80s, this first part of the film is quietly and sadly accurate. Indeed, the entire first third of *The Deer Hunter* is beautiful, operatic in quality as it sheds light on the inner reaches of the collective American psyche.

It is in Vietnam that the film, like the army it shows, stumbles and finally falls. The three Americans are no longer Michael, Nicky and Steven. They have become Resolve, Courage and Youthful Naivety. Steven, who cannot believe, or cope with, what is happening around him, is crippled. Nicky becomes an addict, but his fix is the terror of war and death, and he can't give them up. Michael, possessed by those very traits which got the U.S. embroiled in the war in the first place, will not give up. He saves the lives of his two friends through sheer determination, yet is unable to save their souls or their minds.

At the end of the film, surrounded by friends, neighbours and medals, he is alone.

THE CONTROVERSY over *The Deer Hunter* in America centred in its racist portrayal of all Vietnamese, whether North or South, soldier or civilian, as depraved, maniacal little creatures. This criticism may or may not be valid, but it draws attention away from the film's real message.

Similarly, the absence of anger or rage after the war has aroused much criticism. The implication is that no one in the hundreds of small factory towns across the country seems to have drawn any conclusions about anything. This, besides being a gross historical distortion of what really happened as the boys began coming home maimed and dead, is not the film's main concern.

The message (yes, this is a "message" film), is primarily this: the resolve, the will and the ability are no longer there. America (as portrayed by its working-class prince, Michael), is no longer convinced of its ability to help rescue courageous or naive fighters, however just or noble they may be. It's not that the price is too high; it's just not important enough to get involved. If *The Deer Hunter* is isolationist

*Apocalypse Now* is iconoclastic. Seldom has so much effort, time and money been poured into the making of a movie. The results are both impressive and instructive. By utilizing the Vietnam War against a backdrop of Western literature, most notably Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, Francis Ford Coppola tells us more about America and American myth than a dozen history books.

*Apocalypse Now* follows the journey of Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), as he travels by gunboat from Vietnam to Cambodia. His single mission is to "terminate with extreme prejudice" — kill, in non-military English — another soldier. His target: Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a brave and decorated Green Beret officer who has apparently organized his own private army from fellow deserters and mountain people, somewhere in Cambodia.

Kurtz, like his namesake in Conrad's novel, has forsaken civilization and its trappings, to create his own jungle enclave based upon the fear and worship of the unknown. If Conrad's Kurtz maintains his strength and power over the savages by performing "unspeakable rites" which are understood to consist of sacrific-

ing humans and devouring them, Brando/Kurtz sacrifices his renegades and natives in a more acceptable but no less fatal manner.

Well over three-quarters of the film is devoted to the slow and dangerous journey that Willard and his small crew make up the river and, figuratively, through the war itself. They finally arrive at the compound where Colonel Kurtz has established himself as a deity, and assassin and prey come to an understanding of what has driven them together.

In the ending that was screened in previews (only one of several Coppola had filmed), Willard performs what is both an execution and an act of mercy. The closing shot shows him standing alone, with nothing between him and Kurtz's jungle empire except his desire for it.

IT WAS NEVER Coppola's intention to do a literal adaptation of *Heart of Darkness*. His aim was stated to be "to make a broad spectacular film of epic adventure scale that, however, is also rich in theme and philosophic inquiry into the mythology of war." Within these objectives, Coppola has created a movie which somehow avoids political biases and concentrates on man and the

mystique that war holds for him. The issue of America's involvement in a foreign war is only incidentally touched upon. Lt.-Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duvall), a caricature of all zealous officers, seems more concerned with the safety of his surf-board than the welfare of his men. The soldiers are, well, soldiers, each an individual somehow caught up in a collective psychotic persona.

*Apocalypse Now* — the title is taken from the motto of Brando's jungle sanctuary — is as close to, and as oppressive as, an authentic recreation of war can possibly be on screen. Leaving the rights and wrongs of Vietnam for others to debate, Coppola has attempted to use this war as a microcosm of all wars in modern times. The ways in which men, drugs and weaponry are used interchangeably — the technology and politics of war — all come together here to leave the audience drained, moved, and possibly changed in some imperceptible way. It is the sheer audacity of *Apocalypse Now* that forms its cornerstone. This film may be the definitive work on the Vietnam experience and its effect on us all, and as such is an important contribution to our understanding of the U.S. as she enters the 1980s.

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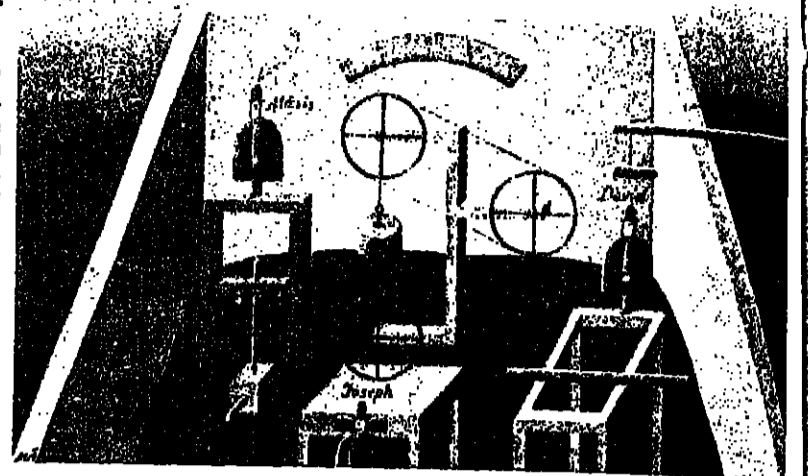
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**Tel Aviv galleries**

**Gil Goldfine**

MORDECHAI MOREH is a major artist who wields his etcher's needle with an uncompromising honesty. His drypoint monochromatic prints in tones of black, sepia or violet are marvellous examples of the technique: an extension of the Durer-Rembrandt-Goya-Picasso lineage in which accomplished academic rendering is irrevocably wedded to emotionalism. At a stage beyond the formal drawing, deep within the subjective rendering, a tiny man, a sardonic smile or a sparkling eye emerge as symbolic signals. These signals transform running hares, caged gorillas and lamenting lions into microcosms of aggression, persecution, terror and conflict. It is rare to leave a Moreh animal print without discovering level other than the obvious illustration. However, he is openly sarcastic in his figurative compositions, for here he deals with perversity, decadence and the fullness of moralistic human behaviour.

Moreh's current exhibit is a review of plates produced over the past few years, supported by only two small recent pictures. The latter are formally drawn heads assembled from slabs of stone, totemically wrapped in cryptic accessories. Akin to Shmuel Bak's standard "quarry" fare, Moreh has in these two pictures abandoned (hopefully only temporarily) the linear approach and quixotic narrative quality that is the hallmark of his work. (Deleon Richter Gallery, 24 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa).



Maris Bishofs: oil painting (Talma Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Mordechai Moreh: "Requiem for the Bison," dry point etching (Deleon Richter Gallery, Old Jaffa).

**Maris Bishofs** is at it again, his stunted fat man, pictured as the world's archetypal hustler, accomplishing everything that one can accomplish, from calibrating gravitational force with a broomstick to hanging himself upside down as a counterbalance to a short fat archetypal partner down below. Essentially, Bishofs' new batch of life's absurd exercises are similar to those created for his last exhibit, but with one big difference: these are his first attempts at oil painting on canvas. For an artist like Bishofs, whose visual puns rely on a basic, understandable line, oil seems superfluous. In fact, his monochromatic handling of volume with the simplistic description of shadow and light, are still very much a contour affect. Bishofs might well save time and expense by continuing to work in gouache and pen and ink. His compositions will be just as poignant and just as timeless - without the "fancy" wrappings. (Talma Gallery, 27 Gordon, Tel Aviv), Through Oct.

**SHMUEL BUNIM's** acrylic and oil studies of circus, bordellos, family and street scene subjects have little to offer the spectator, either in aesthetic terms or technical achievement. The stylized sketches are muddled, with only a primary knowledge of basic figure drawing tied to even less intuitive feeling for composition and colour. The results are theatrically facile, uninteresting illustrations, in which scantily dressed maidens and top-hatted clowns and roustes are nothing more than ciphers of their real selves. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, Arlosoroff corner Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv).

**JEREMY SZANTON** and **GAERIEL PALTY**, two American photographers living in Israel have not made any unique contributions to the fine art, but both have learned to focus on a point of view in order to express a subject's narrative and abstract possibilities.

Szanton, who studied painting and sculpture and also worked at the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, is a keen observer of the commonplace. He has an exceptional ability to frame the mundane scene into a perfectly composed abstraction of flat grey tones, varied, interesting shapes, lines and illusory textured surfaces.

Palty, by contrast but not by contradiction, has created a set of prints that are softer and more romantically conceived than Szanton's calculated designs. Palty is concerned with atmospheric space and the ephemeral qualities of landscape and loss with the classical edifice of order and definition. He sets his camera at a slightly elevated angle above eye level, creating a hollow volume into which apparitional images float like fog passing through a valley. His preferred theme is a multiple, surreal exposure of tree top vistas, rock formations or birds; and a repetitive male profile silhouetted against the

thickly forested hillsides, roadside underbrush and lonely vales are at the same time expansive and specific. And although Musarow's compositions are neither pretentious nor romantically conceived, their scope and technique dazzle one's imagination. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 16 Simat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa). Till Oct. 28. D

**Haifa shows**

**Ephraim Harris**

**YACOV GABAY** shows mostly still life, on the whole the oils more interesting than the pencil. The influence appears to be 17th century Spanish and Italian still life, however less robust and more refined, seen in his selection of everyday motifs, playing down of high colour and illuminating by lighting part way to chiaroscuro. Gabay has clearly studied his chosen theme. (Beit Chagall, Haifa), Till Oct. 31.

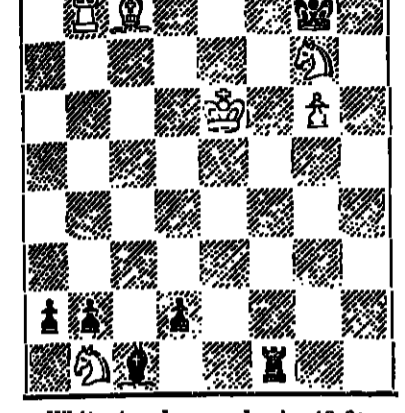
**OPHIRA GROSFELD** shows various media and again her figurative and representational work is better in oils. Colours that might have been high toned are partly subdued for harmony. Similarly, curves often tend to right angles, in echo of her approach to colour. Two large symbolic creations illustrate this style: 19 in blue and brown and the many coloured 11 contained by a huge black item, the flowers of 21 have the more complete angularity than that referred to above. (Beit Chagall, Haifa).

**HANNAH EICHENGRUEN** shows far too many media. Impressionistic and as a result, the unconnected piece gets notable prominence, viz. an abstract acrylic, the red and blue "Burning Bush." The most original sculpture is a female head (49); of the ceramics, "Dance" (Hagefen Gallery, Haifa), Till Oct. 24.

**No Joy in Rio**

**CHESS/Ellahu Shahaf**

Problem No. 2935  
**YEHUDA HOCH**, Petah Tikva  
Specially Composed for  
*The Jerusalem Post*



White to play and win (6-6)  
Twin: Black Queen on f1. White to play, Black forces a draw  
**SOLUTIONS.** Problem No. 2935 (Sindelar). 1.Rc8! Bg6/Bc6/b5 2.Ng6/Rh7/Rc8.

**RIO INTERZONAL**

The SECOND Interzonal tournament in Rio de Janeiro, due to end on Monday, brought little joy to the Israel chess community.

International master Shimon Kagan had 2½ points after the 12th round, with only Harandi of Iran having a lower score. It must be remembered, however, that most of the participants are bearers of chess' highest title, and some of them, like Portisch, Petrosian, Hubner and Timman, are among the world's best players today. In such formidable company, Kagan's score was not at all surprising.

Half way through the tournament, Portisch, Hubner, Vaganian, Petrosian, Sax and Sunie were the most probable candidates for the three coveted entry tickets to the candidates' matches. The name of J. Sunie of Brazil will probably mean nothing or very little to most readers. The 22-year-old Brazilian master, who recently won his country's championship, was the revelation of the tournament. Among his victims was Soviet grandmaster Yuri Balashov.

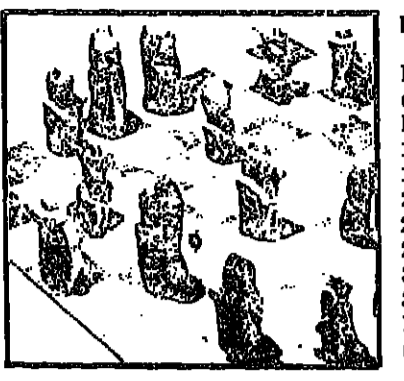
Here is an exciting draw from the second round.

**Sicilian Defence**  
**R. HUBNER** L. PORTISCH  
1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 c4 d5 Nf4 Nf6 5.Nc3 a6 6.Bg5 e6 7.f4 Qb6 8.Qd2

**King's Indian Defence**  
**Y. BALASHOV** D. SAX  
1.d4 Nf6 2.Nf3 g6 3.Bg5 Bg7 4.Nbd2 0-0 5.c3 d6 6.e4 Nb7 7.Be2 h6 8.Bh4 e5 9.de 10.0-0 Qe7 11.Rd3 12.Qe2 b5 13.Bf1-Bb7 14.Ne4 Qe8 15.Nd2 Qg4 16.Bf6 Bf6 17.Ne3 Qe8 18.Bc4 Qd6 19.Radi c6 20.Nf3 Q7 21.Ng4 Bg7 22.Qd2 b5 23.Bb3 Kf7 24.Qd6 Qd6 25.Rd6 Nc6 26.Rd8 R8 27.Bf7 N4 28.Ng6 g5 29.B2 Nb2 30.Nf7 R7 31.e6 R7 32.N4 Ne4 33.Bc4 b6 34.Nd8 Ba8 35.Nc6 Bc6 36.Nc8 R6 37.Na7 Be5 38.g3 Kg6 39.Re4 Kf6 40.Re4 Ra6 41.Nc5. Black resigns.

From the Riga Interzonal tournament, here is a fine game in Bent Larsen's best tradition.

**King's Indian Defence**  
**Rf1, Rf4; Be2, Bh4; Ne4; Pa2, b2, c4, d5, g2, h2. (13).**  
**Black (Ivanovic) - Ke8; Qg7; Ra8, Bc8, Be8; Nd7; Pa6, b7, d8, f6, g6, h6. (13).**



**B. LARSEN**  
1.e4 c5 2.g3 g6 3.Bg2 Bg7 4.Nf3 Nf6 5.0-0 0-0 6.Nc3 Nc6 7.d4 d6 8.de dc 9.Bf4 Nh5 10.Be3 Nd4 11.Qd2 Bg4 12.Radi Bf3 13.e6 14.Ne4 b6 15.B4 Qc7 16.bc Rfd8 17.cb ab 18.Qb4 Ra2 19.Kh1 h6 20.Rb1 f6 21.Nc3 Re2 22.Rfd1 f4 23 f Nf4 24.Nb5 Nb5 25.Qb5 Rd1 26.Rd1 Rf4 27.Bf1! Qb7 28.Rd8 Kh7 29.h3! Qc3 30.Kg1 Re3! 31.Qe8 h6 32.Qg8 Kh6 33.Qe6 Re5! 34'h4! Re6? 35.Qe8 Re3?? (Kh7!) 36.Rh8. Black resigns!

**Z. RIBLI**  
23.Bg5 Qg6 24.Nd6! Bc6 25.Qe4! Be5 26.Bd3! Qg7 27.c6 bc 28.de Nc5 29.Re5 Ne6 30.Bc4 Qa7 31.Be3 Qh7 32.Re6! BeQe 0 33.Qc7 34.Qg6. Black resigns.

**THE PEARL OF SOCHI**

WHILE THE Riga Interzonal was in progress, an international chess event (the Tchigorin Memorial) was held at the Black Sea resort of Sochi. Only six of the 16 participants were foreigners, and the best result in the group was that of Bulgaria's N. Kirov who placed 7th. The first six places were taken by the hosts, with an unbeaten Naum Rashkovsky taking first place with 10½ points out of 16 games. Runner-up of the event was Yevgeni Sveshnikov with 10 points. Grandmaster Eduard Gufeld produced an exquisite combination, which was nicknamed "The Pearl of Sochi." Here is the position after Black's 19th move:

**White (Gufeld) - Kg1; Qa4; Rf1, Rf4; Be2, Bh4; Ne4; Pa2, b2, c4, d5, g2, h2. (13).**  
**Black (Ivanovic) - Ke8; Qg7; Ra8, Bc8, Be8; Nd7; Pa6, b7, d8, f6, g6, h6. (13).**

**NATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.** A record number of 155 teams have signed up for the 1979/1980 national team championship, opening on November 17. The 12 teams of the first division are: 1. Tel Aviv Youth Centre II; 2. Hadera Hapael; 3. Tel Aviv Lasker; 4. Tel Aviv University ASA; 5. Hasharon/Herzliya Hapael; 6. Rehovot Hapael; 7. Beersheba Chess Club; 8. Haifa Technion ASA; 9. Rishon Lezion Feldklein Hapael; 10. Dan Region Elitzur-Reshevsky; 11. Ramat Gan Hapael; and 12. Tel Aviv Youth Centre I. Title holders Tel Aviv University ASA will meet in the first round Rishon Lezion, while the two T.A. Youth Centre teams will meet each other.

**RATINGS.** International master Yehuda Grunfeld heads the new Israel rating list (effective from July 1, 1979) with 2,878 points. Shimon Kagan is second with 2,522 points, while Vladimir Liberzon, who long held the top slot, went down to the third place with 2,517 points. Missing from the list is Israeli champion Roman Djindjashvili, who never returned since leaving for Europe last January. He is reportedly living in West Germany, where he has been offered good conditions as a professional player. □

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# Return of the sheikhs

Despite their rulers' coolness towards Egypt, a large number of Saudis are again spending their time and money in Cairo. The Post's JOAN BORSTEN finally succeeded in getting an interview with one of them.

THE SAUDIS are back — or a lot of them, anyhow. On the streets of Cairo, tiny taxis, battered public buses and compact European cars touch bumpers with chauffered limousines carrying black-veiled desert matrons from store to store. At the oriental nightclubs, white-robed sheikhs lavish enormous tips on their favourite jugglers and ogie the belly dancers. The casinos, though still not playing to full houses, are making money again. One night I watched an immaculately-tailored oil baron smothering the roulette board in \$5 chips purchased with wads of crisp, new \$100 and £20 notes. He lost \$4,000 in 20 minutes.

Film producers are no longer worried. The Saudis, who used to finance 60 per cent of all Egyptian movies, have resurfaced, each with an Egyptian partner to front for them. A European has begun purchasing half a million Egyptian magazines a month — which just about makes up for what the other Arab countries used to buy before the peace treaty with Israel.

The Saudi national airline is again scheduling 10 flights a day from Jeddah, Riyadh, Medina and Mecca to Cairo. Egyptian labourers, teachers, and skilled workers are still being exported regularly. The return flights carry Egyptian labourers, teachers and skilled workers, hired for jobs in Saudi Arabia.

"The Arabs can't live without us," say the Egyptians, echoing the words of their president. "This country has the only surplus of educated professionals who speak Arabic. It is the only country that produces the movies, books, and magazines they crave. The only country where they can walk around in their Paris originals and still speak Arabic."

THE SHERATON Hotel, long a stamping ground for rich desert Arabs, resembles a Beduin camp this month — but many of the Beduin are wearing Paris originals.

In the lobby, obese, sometimes tattooed mamans in full black robes sit around idly watching their teenage daughters parade up and down in the most up-to-date — and most expensive — Western fashions. Adolescent sons in Levis drink and gamble at the casino till dawn. Children dressed in Pierre Cardin pinafores and miniature Edwardian suits play hide-and-seek all over the public rooms, running relay races past the mango-juice wallah to the second floor swimming pool.

The sheikhs, usually attended by a smartly-dressed all-male retinue, seem to be permanent coffee-shop fixtures. The businessmen keep the Telex operators busy round the clock, cabling London, New York, Jeddah, and Kuwait.

Those Saudis who were aware that they were sharing their favourite hotel with several other Israeli infidels were adept at keeping their distance. Finding one willing to be interviewed was a frustrating exercise: politely, and resolutely, most refused; others turned green and fled.

Finally, the hotel concierge, an affable, Syrian-born Egyptian amused by my fruitless attempts to engage a Saudi in conversation, summoned us to the front desk.

"Ask that one," he whispered conspiratorially, pointing to a



swarthy businessman in Western dress arranging a date on the lobby by telephone. "He's often here. He's a nice one, and he's open. Maybe he'll talk to you."

The businessman smiled warmly, pleased to have been singled out by an unattached Western woman. When I explained my sudden interest in him, however, he paled and averted his eyes.

"We aren't permitted to talk to foreigners," he said firmly.

"Who is to know?" I asked.

"Maybe there are spies watching us right now. There may be someone in the lobby who will report me. If he does, when I go back to my country I will be asked many questions and perhaps be put into jail for a month or more."

He prepared to escape into the

bar. The concierge pleaded my case. Fifteen minutes later, with his back still to the Arabs camped out in the lobby, he agreed to be interviewed — but only in the privacy of my room the next morning.

His other conditions: no identifiable name or personal details, and a copy of the printed article to be forwarded to our go-between, the concierge.

MOHAMMED (surely no breach of confidence there) arrived promptly, demanding to know where I'd been the previous night.

He had called several times, he explained, to ask me to join him at Jaaky's, the Nile Hilton's popular discotheque.

"But, Mohammed," I asked

straightfaced. "Isn't a discotheque as public as the Sheraton lobby? What if one of the spies had seen you there?"

He shrugged. Apparently a little mild flirtation with an Israeli woman is considered less of an offence than serious conversation with one.

Mohammed, 35, married and the father of a brood of children, learned his fluent if hesitant English in Egypt and Lebanon.

The son of a businessman ("not educated but clever"), he is also a "small-time entrepreneur," but he earns several hundred thousand dollars a year.

He talks with some nostalgia about his childhood.

"Life was different then. We lived as an extended family, all of us

in one house, my grandfather, his sons, their wives and their children. The family unit was very strong. Now we live in separate houses — I in my villa, my brothers in theirs.

"But there are still some traditions. We all wear Arab clothes. Frankly, they are more comfortable than these." He tugs at his tailored slacks and sports shirt.

"But if I wear 'our' clothes abroad, or even in Egypt, people stare at me. So whenever I travel, I leave my regular clothes behind. When my wife joins me, she wears her abaya onto the plane and then, like all the Saudi women, changes into Western clothes during the flight."

HE THUMBES through my copy of *The Post's "Sadat in Jerusalem"* album.

"I would like to take this home," he announces, "but I would be afraid. Do you have something else from Israel?" He settles for a piece of Armenian pottery with the word Jerusalem written only on the bottom, in small letters.

"I would like to visit Israel. I want to see the Dome of the Rock. And I want to see how the Israeli people live and work. But first you must give back Jerusalem and the occupied territories. Then the Saudis will be friends with you. That is what our Prince Fahd said. We want peace, but a peace to which all Arab countries can agree."

In my opinion, this will not happen. I saw Mr. Be-gin on television when he was at Camp David. It was broadcast in Saudi Arabia. He said then that Jerusalem will always remain Israeli, to the last day in the world. So how will there be peace? Can't you give the Palestinians a small country? Who are you afraid of? Arafat? My God, you are so strong and he is so weak.

And if you give them a country, all the Arabs will be at peace with you. Then even if the Palestinians wanted to make war they couldn't, because without the Gulf States they have no money."

HIS OPINIONS are formed by reading many newspapers, says Mohammed, but he no longer takes the Egyptian press seriously.

"Since making peace with you, because they didn't have any money, they have become anti-Arab. For instance, they say that Hafez Assad is very weak because they do not like Syria, which broke relations with them. Maybe Assad has some small problems, but I believe he is very strong. That's what our papers say."

Mohammed expresses his confidence in — and his fear of — the royal regime. He would never live in another country, he says.

"We have money, thank God, plenty of money. We have no thieves — you can leave your shop unlocked, go home for lunch, come back and find everything in place. There is no pollution. We have the largest airline in the Middle East, with 59 planes. What more could you ask for?"

"Oh, and we also have 1,800 foreign stewardesses from Europe, the U.S., Lebanon and Egypt," he adds gleefully.

He takes them to discotheques and parties. That's very good. Really, is there any argument? I live in the best country in the world. □

"I WONDER whence this feeling of mine against writing as a profession?" wrote Berenson in a 1948 diary. "I suspect it may go back to a Talmudic feeling against using one's higher faculties for sordid ends."

This remarkable study has many points of interest: the fascinations of the man whose first 40 years are its subject; the art of biography at its finest pitch; and the description of the process whereby the son of poor Lithuanian Jews in Boston became a world-famous connoisseur of Italian art.

Till his death in 1959 at the age of 94, Berenson retained his affection for the Yiddish and Hebrew of his childhood. At 85, we find him translating Yehuda Halevi's "Lament of Zion"; and when he reads a translation of Klausner's *From Jesus to Paul*, he finds "scarcely a consideration with which I am not already familiar."

Prof. Samuels brings to his complex and colourful story the skills that helped him write his successful biography of Henry Adams (1964). It was the discovery of a collection of Berenson's letters to Adams that led to a visit to Villa I Tatti in 1956, and eventually to the decision to write Berenson's biography.

This first major instalment ends with the "new beginning" of Berenson's visit to America in 1894, which served to consolidate his fame and authority. During a week in Washington, he met, among others, Henry Cabot Lodge, John Hay (secretary of the state), Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry Adams, to whom Berenson "felt greatly drawn" though "there was a hostile undercurrent in these encounters."

Adams wrote at the time in a letter: "I can't bear it. There is in the Jew deprecation something no weary sinner ought to stand. I rarely murder. ... Yet I did murder Berenson. I cut his throat, first and chopped him into small bits afterwards..."

Samuels's treatment of this episode is characteristic of his method in handling the many touchy subjects with which Berenson's life was filled. He tells it all "as it was," concealing nothing he knows and explaining relatively little. This invites the reader to make up his own mind, on the basis of evidence supplied.

THE BLURB lists part of the "extraordinary cast of characters whose lives impinged on Berenson's": George Santayana, William James, Bertrand Russell (his brother-in-law for a period), Logan Pearsall Smith (Berenson married his sister Mary), Norman

TRAVEL MEANS different things to different people. To men like Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fleming, Bt., it is a quick three-year spin around the world, taking in the North and South Poles. To the mere mortal it is more likely to be a fortnight by the sea-side or a fortnight at an airport, strike-bound instead of outward-bound.

Both forms involve a certain amount of discomfort; inconveniences like frost-bite, dehydration and man-eating tigers, on the one hand, or traumas like holiday-tummy, mosquitoes and half-finished hotels on the other.

For Bernard Fergusson, Lord Balfour of Auchincrome and the Bay of Islands, things were rather different. Travel for him involved voyages on a majestic cruiser

## Wizard of quick wits



BERNARD BERENSON: The Making of a Connoisseur by Ernest Samuels. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press. 477 pp. \$15.

Sholom J. Kahn

and Hutchins Hapgood, Oscar Wilde, Vernon Lee, the Michael Fields, Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, Roger Fry, "the fabled Mrs. Jack Gardner" (patroness of the arts), and so on.

Yet Samuels's narrative never deteriorates into a mere "name-dropping" sequence of celebrity tales; each of the participants comes alive as an individual with a part in the drama of Berenson's life.

The hurdles Samuels surmounts correspond, as it were, to those in Berenson's own rich life. An "extraordinarily precocious child with large eyes, beautiful features, and long delicate fingers" became an even more precocious student, somewhat Germanic in temper and discipline, rising through the famed Boston Latin School, and Boston and Harvard Universities, with such brilliant success that he was inevitably made editor-in-chief of the prestigious *Harvard Monthly* in his senior year; and went on to win the Parker Travelling Fellowship, which brought him to Europe for (ultimately) seven years of intensive study of art.

This meteoric rise to scholarly eminence is made to seem plausible in a series of exciting

chapters: "A Harvard Aesthete," "Literary Debut" (the early writings in the *Monthly* were remarkable for a young man of 21, in their range and sheer authoritativeness), "Cities of a Dream," "Seedtime of Art," "Beyond the Alps," and so forth.

The epiphany arrived at young Berenson by many of his contemporaries was "genius," and like most such he seems to have known all along both his own worth, and the very special role he was destined to play as "connoisseur" — which of course means much more than "savant," implying as it does taste and critical judgment as well as knowledge.

BUT WHAT about the "sordid ends" of wealth and power? Without ignoring unavowable facts, Samuels puts them in contexts which soften their effect. As a reviewer in *The Observer* commented, by ending this volume before the notorious London art dealer Duveen came into Berenson's life, Samuels leaves us feeling Berenson was "at worst a charming rogue," whereas in that reviewer's opinion he became a "scoundrel"; "this magnificently detailed account" thus gives "a misleading — even false — impression of his whole life and career." But no doubt a further volume will deal with these issues.

As Samuels characterizes Berenson in the preface, he was "neither wholly saint nor sinner. Something of a pagan in temperament, and a 'Harvard aesthete'"

who had recently read Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, he became an Episcopalian convert when he was 20, and later a Roman Catholic. Samuels later comments: "In all his long life Berenson, though he soon left the church and rejected its theology, never surrendered this aesthetic attitude toward Christianity. Nor did he ever 'quite lose' the traces of Jewish self-hatred."

A less sympathetic use of the evidence might have converted the young Berenson into a caricature of an ambitious parvenu. But given Samuels's scrupulous objectivity and balance, we come away with a sense of really knowing a complex and fascinating man. As Kenneth Clark, later his "student," observed in his autobiography, "the fact is that he loved life," and this is the keynote of Samuels's account.

No doubt he occasionally took advantage of his position, descended to methods of the market-place ("what everyone does," as his wife once put it), and made mistakes corrected by subsequent scholarship. Such mistakes, however, were inevitable in rare knowledge and intuitive insights.

There are important chapters in the history of modern aesthetics found in (or implied by) these pages. There was an implicit theory in his practice as art historian: "The greater the artist, the more weight falls on the question of quality" (my emphasis). Summarizing a theoretical book by the German sculptor, Adolf Hilderbrand, Berenson postulated that "all arts, except music, were primarily occupied with space composition"; and a chapter entitled "The Tactile Imagination" continues to describe, along with speculations about causality, his unsystematic post-Kantian explorations, later summarized in *Aesthetics and History* (1948).

ABOVE ALL, Berenson was a masterly student of "artistic personalities" as they reveal themselves primarily in works of art closely analyzed. In this respect, he was an equivalent for the plastic arts of the so-called "new critics" in literary criticism; and in fact, he was an early admirer of Croce, one of the ancestors of *The New Criticism*.

"E.B.," as he was affectionately called, was extremely fortunate with women, from his mother and talented sisters on to Mary Smith Costelloe (who left her husband and children for him, became his coworker, and eventually his wife), Mrs Gardner (whose extensive use of his expert knowledge to buy Italian masterpieces es-

ablished his fame and fortune), and finally in old age Nicky Mariano, "the benevolent companion and secretary" who shared his life for nearly 40 years, surviving him to become his literary executor.

But as Samuels writes at the end of the chapter ("A Tangled Web") which tells about some of his troubles as adviser to art collectors, "no one was equal to Berenson's success and no one was to be so greatly envied and slandered."

So he had to learn to be a fighter too; and Samuels describes the intricacies of Berenson's relationships with art dealers and scholars and critics, his role as "wizard of quick wits" (a phrase applied to him by a somewhat anti-Semitic American writer of some eminence), and his controversies with certain British art critics (Vernon Lee, Roger Fry — the latter began as his disciple, but their ways later parted).

By the age of 40, Berenson had established his home, library, and collection at Villa I Tatti in Florence (it was subsequently bequeathed to Harvard University); was happily (though at times stormily) married to Mary Smith, a member of a famous Quaker family; and was an acknowledged authority on Italian Masters thanks to his many publications about Italian art, culminating in *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters*.

BERENSON became a prime factor in the "emigration" of Renaissance European art masterpieces to the New World. Because of his crucial influence with Mrs. Gardner and others, this probably inevitable process (symbolized, in a curious way, by one of Berenson's most famous recommendations, Titian's magnificent "Rape of Europa") was less chaotic than it might otherwise have been.

By distinguishing the genuine and great from the fakes and copies and mediocre imitations, Berenson's "attributions" set standards and preserved that "sense of quality" which was his prime concern. True scholars and critics of Renaissance art agreed with him, for the most part, and valued his contributions; but inevitably he made enemies among the intolerant, the commercial scoundrels, the dilettantes.

Throughout his stormy career and on into old age of legendary fame, Berenson maintained a basic integrity that shines throughout his writings, his photographs, his diaries, and his voluminous correspondence, which Samuels uses to such good advantage. □

Somehow or other, the two extremes was his work as a roving reporter in North Africa and the Far East.

His book is entertaining on numerous levels. For the armchair traveller it offers descriptions of some of the more inaccessible parts of the world and meetings with exotic rulers like Queen Salote of Tonga or H.H. Tunka Tun Haji Abdul Razak bin Hussein of Malaysia; for the student of military English it is liberally spiced with sentences like "our landing was hairy, but our take off was hairier," or "there were no flies on their intelligence."

For the debunker there is ample scope for the imagination to run riot — for example he describes a show put on for him by the people of Tonga during which all the

bystanders shouted "Malle." This word, he says, "I took to be the equivalent of 'Bravo.'" I wonder. There is even material here for the social historian — sentences like "My father prided himself on the quality of his housing (on his estate); and although he could not bring himself to pull down the older ones while their inhabitants dwelt in them contentedly..."

All in all an interesting magic-lantern of a book, although some of the slides are out of focus, or fall to give a full picture. The section about Biafra was fascinating but too short, as was the passage about Nancy Mitford's husband Peter Rodd, the model for Evelyn Waugh's Basil Seal. Surprisingly, in a book by a military man, the index is appalling. Like travelling, military efficiency ain't what it used to be. □

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## A monocled Cleopatra

TRAVEL WARRANT by Bernard Fergusson. London, Collins. 258pp. 27.95.

Michael Nolan

from one South Pacific island to the next, being feted and feasted, and carried ashore on biers, or in one case a converted bed, like a monocled Cleopatra.

Islanders showered him with lavish and not so lavish gifts; at Raoul Island he received a pig. Even a journey to the South Pole was enviably comfortable — he travelled in a well-heated Hercules and a helicopter.

I'm jealous — why can't I be

Governor-General of New Zealand?

THE GREEN-EYED monster was working fairly heavily overtime as well in the section of the book where Fergusson describes his time as Chairman of the British Council (which involved trips to 38 countries), so it was a relief to discover that not all his journeys were solely biér and victuals. His diplomatic junketing was offset by a tough military career which he described in his earlier work, *Trumpet in the Hall*, and a gruelling few months as an official British observer in Biafra (which he refers to in inverted

commas throughout). Somewhere between the two extremes was his work as a roving reporter in North Africa and the Far East.

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## Lose but your chains

VONNEGUT has done it again. And again. Take a dust jacket, paint two gun-metal bars on its front cover with a bird trapped between ("daregale skylark scanted in a dull cage"; get it?), and on the back cover a picture of Vonnegut in stocking-cap, puffing smoke, sitting gazing out of the window from the edge of a non-nonsense double bed, a Skye terrier, hair combed carefully over one eye; posed behind him, and above the bed a picture of a pigtailed black child marching in the wake of two headless blacks and in the vanguard of two others ditto. Them's symbols, man.

In between is a carefully, conscientiously, objective collection of facts, spot-reporting, and human-interest pieces, cunningly chosen to emphasize the strangeness — the horror, maybe — of truth vis-à-vis fiction. Vonnegut has used his pen as a camera: wide-angle shots, close-ups, panning, moving back and forth in time and space, the whole bag of metaphoric and metonymic tricks of which the movie and the contemporary novel are master. The language is Anglo-Saxon, the erudite references are throwaways, moral judgment is never passed. Right and wrong are not in the book's vocabulary. Soon it becomes clear that the two peorative words are Harvard and RAMJAC (an acronym for any conglomerate; in the case of *Falldird*, THE conglomerate). Not, of course, that either is directly reviled: each is simply the Judas-figure of every laconic vignette and of the larger drama. The pet-names are Jew and meek (or poor in spirit, pure in heart): only these shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

JAILBIRD by Kurt Vonnegut  
New York, Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 244 pp.  
\$9.95.

### Evelyn Strouse

WHAT'S WRONG, then? Well, for one thing, the book is so determinedly unpretentious that its plainness is pomposity. For another, it's Vonnegut as Vonnegut, fact and fairy-tale clutched together, characters from others of his novels floating around, real-life bigwigs impaled on a pin, insertion of unimpeachable documents; ascendancy of the absurd. And for a third, it's tired. Not only are the Vonnegut mannerisms tired but, more to the point, the recapitulation of events — exploitation of workers, corruption, crucifixion of the guiltless — is tired. We are unmoved, at least in this fashion, by Nixon as the latter-day executioner of latter-day Saccos and Vanzettis. It is a Roman copy of *Slaughterhouse Five*, Watergate in place of Dresden.

A prologue, replete with what seems to me heavy-handed kidding, concerns itself mainly with the massacre in 1894 of striking workers, interwoven with glimpses of the purported author, his purported father, and their endearing peculiarities. The strike serves to introduce the *Falldird* himself, Walter F. Starbuck, whose parents are the cook and the chauffeur of the elder son massacre. This elder son is a stammerer, which implies much. He initiates young Starbuck into the mysteries of chess, and sends him to Harvard as a reward for

the hours spent manipulating pawn and rook and knight. (During the McCarthy era there was a "left", substitute "wrong" for "left", and you have the exact *Falldird* sentiment.)

ALTHOUGH IT is clear that Starbuck is not going to make it — we meet him, sixty-five years old, in a cell, clapping his hands three times to the rhythm of an off-colour song — he does enjoy brief prosperity after the war. He finds an incredibly gifted waitress, a Jewish girl in Germany, marries her, brings her home to a simple (insistently repeated) cottage outside of Washington, D.C., fathers a son who grows to hate him, and loses his job. His wife copes and grows fat. He loves her. He fetches and carries for her in her business enterprises. Life is supportable (remember the meek). And then suddenly, having naively contributed to the character-defamation and career-collapse of a Harvard friend, he is hired (as apparently was everybody who could be conjured into exposing a Communist Connection) by the Nixon administration. And tossed, with the rest of them except the man at the top, into jail. Just before he is convicted his wife dies; when he is sprung, therefore, he has nobody and nothing to return to.

BUT THAT IS only the beginning. The reverse Horatio Algernon, the ramifications of RAMJAC, the slaughter of the innocents, the emergence of Phoenix from the ashes, the ambivalence of Starbuck's first day of freedom, are still to be recounted. In the event, he is jalled once more.

No apocalypse, then; only fettered freedom. And a fettered novel, whose archness and whimsy, *rautpolitik* and practical joking, fail to jazz up or improve upon the Sermon on the Mount.

the war's end. As orphans, the boys are brought to Israel and raised on a kibbutz, never quite free from the emotional trauma they have suffered.

The title comes from the games Yurik and Kazik play at home, in the ghetto. In hiding, even in the concentration camp — war games with lead, wooden, cardboard, or paper soldiers, imagining the obsolete ideals of valour, honour, and heroism, while in the outside world bestiality characterizes one side and mere survival becomes the goal of the other.

Yat Orlev manages to keep to that fine distinction between portraying his youthful heroes' values and idealizing them. In describing Bergen-Belsen, for example, the narrator claims suddenly that "none of this belongs to our story; neither the cabins of shaven-haired men nor those of the women; neither the cabins of those condemned to die from hunger and overwork nor those of prisoners consigned to experiments called 'medical'." Our story concerns just two boys who came to this place by sheer chance and the cabin in which they lived... Its toys were a stamp album, a wooden man the height of a finger, and many lead soldiers.

The brutal reality beyond the boys' imagination is never out of sight; but by keeping to this pretence, Orlev recreates the Holocaust not in numbing statistics of the dead, but in the subtle psychological effects it has on the young boys, heroes of a very special type in a special novel.

## The play's the thing

WRITTEN IN 1954 and first published two years later, *The Lead Soldiers* is the first and best novel by Uri Orlev, an Israeli writer of great talent but few books, especially since he left kibbutz in the early Sixties. Now published in an excellent English translation by Hillel Halkin and available to an international readership, *The Lead Soldiers* is destined to be valued as a minor classic of Holocaust literature.

The intervening years have perhaps altered our expectations and sensitivities concerning such writing. The revival of *The Lead Soldiers* in translation is surely, in part, a by-product of the recent spate of American novels on the Holocaust, and reactions to it may be conditioned by those later, more polished, more popularized treatments. (I suspect this edition is also a by-product of the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, in a roundabout way: Peter Owen publishes not only A.B. Yehoshua, but the great Egyptian writer Yusuf Idris as well.)

What distinguishes *Lead Soldiers* in particular from recent transatlantic novels on the same subject are its conviction and technical rawness — as if Orlev's story was too powerful, too pressing for his early narrative accomplishments. There are, for example, several scenes in which the narrator suddenly inserts

THE LEAD SOLDIERS by Uri Orlev, London, Peter Owen, 234 pp. £8.50.

### David Mesher

himself, to stand incongruously beside Yurik, the novel's young hero. The reason for this is clear enough: the novel is based on Orlev's own childhood experiences during the war, and Yurik is less Orlev's (and his narrator's) alter ego than former self. Reliving the emotionally shattering events of his youth through his own retelling of them is the psychological explanation for Orlev's need to insert himself into the scene. But because there is no fictional sense to them, the intrusions are bound to strike the reader as chaotic.

ORLEV'S STORY concerns two young brothers from Warsaw, Yurik and Kazik, sons of assimilated parents, both doctors. The father has been captured by the Russians, and Yurik, as did Orlev, spends the first years of the war in the Warsaw ghetto with his mother and brother, or hiding beyond the ghetto walls with Kazik alone. Some time after the ghetto uprising and their mother's death, the brothers and their aunt Stella are transported to Bergen-Belsen, where they are among the handful of survivors liberated at

ALTHOUGH coffee-table books about Jews and Israel are now coming off the presses in a flood of paper big enough to deforest Canada, the quality of them seems never to have been higher. After luxuriating over recent months with Chaim Potok's erudite and vivid *Wanderings*, Moshe Dayan's sensitive and personalised *Living with the Bible*, and Mordechai Ghilon's masterly *Battles of the Bible*, I expected to find Paul Johnson's *Civilisations of the Holy Land* a warmed-over rehash. It was good to be proven so wrong.

Johnson certainly arrives with excellent credentials. Former editor of the *British New Statesman*, he is one of his country's most read and respected political journalists, and a passionate supporter both of democratic values in general and of the rights of the State of Israel in particular. His *The Offshore Islanders* is by far the finest and most enjoyable general history of England now available, and his massive *History of Christianity* is almost as good. In *Elizabeth I* he showed his mastery of a limited historical period with equal confidence.

The list of good writers who lend their names to coffee-table ventures about which they know little beyond a quick leafing through the *Britannica* is already too long. Happily, Johnson does not add to it. Although his reading on the pre-Israelite civilisations of the Bronze Age and on the biblical period itself were not as all-embracing as his command of the sources in his major works, they are by no means superficial either.

It is refreshing to read a popular historian of sufficient background and sophistication to reject Julius Wellhausen's obsolete "Higher Critical" theory of the origins of the Pentateuch. As antecedents and contemporary parallels to the Torah's law codes, including the ritual enactments of Leviticus and the technical priestly writings of Deuteronomy, are now well



Blood-ritual accusation in "Der Sturmer," from "An Illustrated Sourcebook on the Holocaust: Vol. 2" by Zosa Szajkowski (Klav, \$28.50). This is a collection of propaganda material put out by the Third Reich and its allies to prepare public opinion to accept Julius Streicher's slogan: "The Jews must disappear." A.B.

## Refreshing review

CIVILISATIONS OF THE HOLY LAND by Paul Johnson, London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 224 pp. £8.95.

### Martin Sieff

attested in the Late Bronze Age, Johnson concludes: "It is difficult nowadays to accept the Wellhausen school theory that the legal sections of the Pentateuch were composed many hundreds of years after the time of Moses and foisted on him by the editors who put the Pentateuch together in post-Exile times."

AFTER DISPOSING of such hoary old chestnuts, Johnson is equally refreshing and forthright in his similarly unfashionable admiration for the literary and

moral qualities of the Jewish Bible as a whole. "As a work of history," he writes, "it is unsurpassed, for even the achievements of the classical Greeks were fragmentary by comparison."

For Johnson, the Jewish sense of history helped to create Jewish theology, which in turn, gave the history its tremendous unity and sense of purpose. Where was the Jewish people heading and why? This question is central to Jewish monotheism and its acknowledgement of a God of limitless power. "Does evil befall a city unless Yahweh wills it?" asked Amos. To Jewish monotheist thought, comments Johnson, the answer is: "Of course not."

This kind of writing and thinking is far, far superior to what we usually have the right to expect from coffee-table books, which,

like Ursula Andress and Raquel Welch, are usually required to do little beyond being comely to the eye. Yet when Johnson gets on to the Second Temple period — already familiar ground for him from his *History of Christianity* — he is even better.

Herod gets due credit for being both an Augustan mini-Stalin and a sure-footed master politician with an unparalleled record of material achievement for his country. There is much to be said for Johnson's thesis that the growth upsurge of religious-nationalist anticipation with Messianic overtones of the first century CE made Judea effectively ungovernable for all Herod's successors.

In this context, according to Johnson, Jesus of Nazareth's movement was essentially an anti-climax. "When it came to the point, he repudiated popular Messianism. The authorities sighed with relief and dispatched him without hesitation or compunction. The mob was disappointed."

The great destructions of the 70 CE war and the Bar-Kochba revolt of 135 CE destroyed the great Second Jewish Commonwealth civilization. It therefore comes as a surprise to learn from Johnson that for the other peoples of the area, Hellenistic prosperity and magnificence continued right through Byzantine times. Only with the Arab conquest and the turning over of the hills of Eretz Yisrael to the goat did ecological, and subsequent economic and population, collapse set in.

THE CRUSADERS did not reverse this trend. Johnson establishes with eloquent restraint what cultural barbarians they were, effectively valuing only military achievement.

Their Christian foothold in Islam appears as an earlier Rhodesia — an adventure embarked upon in manic ideological exhilaration, executed for profit by a bunch of ruthless adventurers out for the main chance,

and precariously maintained against overwhelming odds by a mixed crew of dedicated colonialists wedded to their new life and the surplus mercenaries of a war-obsessed world. Again, like Rhodesia, the wonder is that they held out as long as they did.

Johnson's suggestion that the Crusaders were a tenuous link between the Hellenic conquest of the East and the great modern colonial and technocratic outpouring of Europe across the world is an interesting, if tenuous, suggestion when viewed against this background.

What the Crusaders failed to do was to win control of the "Kings Highway" through Petra, Amman, and Damascus along the great mountain ridges east of the Jordan Valley rift.

Johnson establishes clearly how control of this route was the indispensable complement to control of the Coastal Road to establish a trade monopoly over the land bridge of Eretz Yisrael for its succeeding civilizations. Only with a trade monopoly such as Solomon and Herod enjoyed could the wealth to establish a truly impressive material civilization be generated.

Judged by such a criterion, this is the one discouraging parallel between the Zionist return and the Crusader adventure that holds up under Johnson's examination. The Transjordan Churchill boasted of creating "by a stroke of the pen" for his friend Emir Abdullah in 1921 is today the spearhead of the Arab military thrust against us under his grandson, Hussein.

It is not the least merit of Johnson's attractive and informed prose that it stimulates such meditations, I should also add that the presentation is faultless and the illustrations magnificent. And the price is not excessive by today's standards.

In the coffee-table league, *Civilisations of the Holy Land* definitely rates as Ursula Andress with a doctorate in historical geography, and going cheap. □

1930s was a reflection of the European variety. Nazi influences inspired the German-American Bund and spawned many lunatic fringe bodies. The Bundists probably did not number more than 10,000, but they gave the Jewish community a fright as did William Dudley Pelley's 15,000 Silver Shirts and, most dangerous, the propaganda of Father Coughlin. Father Coughlin (who still lives, in obscurity) had his vicious radio programme and his periodical, the *Christian Front* with a circulation of a million. But, traditionally tolerant towards the Jews, his timing was wrong. He came to the fore just as the country was receding from the ideologies of hate which had taken hold in Europe.

THE POST WORLD WAR II had seen landmark Supreme Court decisions which have led to the removal of social and educational discrimination. But the Anti-Defamation League and bodies with a similar orientation, such as the American Jewish Committee, have had to face plenty of challenges, but now coming from new directions. The major right-wing, post-war bigots (McCarthy, the John Birch Society) have laid off anti-Semitism, but anti-Semitism from the Left, often under an anti-Israel or anti-Zionist or "Christian" or "Protestant" or "Catholic" or "Restricted areas" guise, has been the more menacing, and has received support, more or less tacit, from Communist and Arab sources.

Another lesson of the recent developments is that you do not have to be a minority to be hated. Jews have climbed the socio-economic ladder so rapidly that by now they are seen as part of the Establishment. This is a factor in the growth of Black anti-Semitism (expressed most openly in groups such as the Black Panthers, the Black Muslims and so on). While it would be wrong to generalize concerning the attitudes of all 22 million Blacks in the U.S., there has been an upsurge of anti-Jewish feeling in certain circles since the 1980s.

Natural Black identification with the Jew as fellow underdog and ally in the civil rights struggle has been undermined by various factors, internal and external (e.g., the appeal of the Third World). Certain recent attempts to revive goodwill between the two communities now seem to be threatened by the repercussions of the Andrew Young affair, but it is too early to predict the damage.

In any case, anti-Semitism remains firmly on the American agenda — left and right, black and white. Surveys have confirmed the continuing prevalence of anti-Jewish attitudes and stereotypes. The name of the game is to keep its variegated manifestations confined and isolated, as has been the case up to now, thanks to the early warning systems developed by the defence agencies coupled with the traditionally tolerant basis of American society. □

THE UNITED STATES has always symbolized the liberty of the individual, sometimes to an extent that outsiders have considered exaggerated. To Jews, it was the country where they first received full equality, but its libertarian philosophy also gave free speech to hatemongers, including the inevitable quota of anti-Semites. Yet, over the years, anti-Semitism in the U.S. has remained on the sidelines and has never made sufficient headway to constitute a real threat, at least not politically.

Nevertheless, it is a phenomenon which has kept American Jews constantly on the alert. It has had to be held in check and watchdogs, in the form of defence agencies, have been established with this object. Best known is the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, whose activities form much of the background of this sound history of anti-Semitism in the U.S. by Nathan C. Belth.

Before the mass immigration at the end of the 19th century, incidents were minor. Until that time, Jews were too few to matter very much. Religious bigotry up to that time was primarily anti-Catholic. The Civil War period ushered in a new feeling of racial hatred, while social discrimination came to the fore for the first time in 1877, when the banker Joseph Seligman was excluded from a hotel in Saratoga Springs, New York, as the owner had given

## Eternal vigilance

A PROMISE TO KEEP: A Narrative of the American Encounter with Anti-Semitism by Nathan C. Belth, New York, Times Books, 305 pp. \$4.95.

### Geoffrey Wigoder

instructions "that no Israelites shall be permitted in the future to stop at this hotel." The mass immigration led to the widespread dissemination of derogatory stereotypes (and the Anti-Defamation League was founded in 1915 to combat what Jules Isaac was to call "the teaching of contempt"). Anti-Semitic pressures had much to do with the campaign to limit immigration, which finally triumphed with the Immigration Act of 1924.

IT IS DIFFICULT to explain American anti-Semitism on Marxist lines. The most violent decade dated from 1915, a period of relative prosperity, while there was a drop in organized anti-Semitism during the Depression (for which industry, banking and the Establishment were blamed and these had not yet been penetrated by Jews). During the 1915-1925 decade, America was undergoing a radical transformation. Great waves of immigrants



# Consumer confusion

THE ISRAEL Consumer Council is a shepherd without a flock. It was originally set up to be, among other things, an official roof organization for various voluntary groups working in the field. It also surveys and tests products, and publishes a magazine. The roof is still there, but most of the member organizations have strayed, and the Council is about to begin persuading its lost sheep to come home again. It may be an uphill task. One of the organizations is on the verge of total disintegration, but most of them seem to be functioning very nicely without the council, thank you.

*Hamoetza Hayisraelit Letzarchanui*, to give it its Hebrew name, has the legal status of a government corporation which operates under the aegis of the Ministry of Industry, Trade and Tourism. The ministry gives it a budget — IL2,800,000 for the current fiscal year — and Minister Gideon Palt recently appointed a new nine-member executive, composed mainly of university professors and lawyers, with a single representative of the ministry. The newly appointed chairman is a former mayor of Hadera, Dov Barzilal. The executive should include representatives of other consumer bodies, but they are mostly out in the cold right now.

Maya Tavori, the attorney who is the Council's day-to-day director, told me the new executive has decided to work for three things: a change in status from government corporation to public authority, which would presumably increase the council's independence and enhance its prestige; an increase in budget to at least IL5m. annually; getting the lost sheep home again.

The errant organizations include the Histadrut's Central Consumer Authority, the veteran non-political Israel Consumers' Association (which has almost closed shop for lack of funds), the Organization of Religious Consumers (which only had observer status on the Council) and the Better Business Bureau (which says it never left the Council and would simply like to know what's going on there). Maya Tavori says her executive is considering a proposal to invite representatives of the manufacturers' and merchants' associations to join the Council.

WHERE HAVE ALL the consumer organizations gone? Most of them are alive and well, but outside the Council's fold. In any case, membership did not give them much, since the present government decided to halt annual grants through the Council to the various organizations, and instead only give special budgets for specific projects undertaken in coordination with the council.

The Histadrut's strong Central Consumer Authority (*Harashut Hamercuzit Letzarchanui*) bolted from the Council early last spring and the Council hasn't really been the same since, says Authority chairman Nuzhat Katzav, a former Labour M.K. "It hardly meets any more."

Her organization was perhaps least affected by the Likud government's decision to stop funding consumer organizations other than the Council itself. "No, we are not orphans," ad-



(Rubinger)

mits Mrs. Katzav, since her organization can continue business as usual with its sizeable allocations from the Histadrut, to which, of course, it owes allegiance.

At the same time, Mrs. Katzav firmly believes that the government should give the Consumer Authority a regular budget. "We do things not only for members of the Histadrut, but for the consumer public at large," she insists. "It's a pity the government doesn't allocate us half of what it gives the council."

She did not indicate under what conditions, if any, she would consider leading her Authority back to the Council. One sometimes gets the feeling the Council may not be big enough to house two such strong-minded women as Katzav and Tavori with rather different philosophies on consumer affairs.

THE BLACK SHEEP of the consumer organization flock has long been Consumer Shield (*Magen Letzarchanui*). It was never a member of the official Consumer Council — and has never wanted to be. It was founded in the early 70s in response to the post-Six-Day War immigration from North America, and it holds zealously to the principle of no government funding, so as to maintain its total independence. Shield has been fortunate in having an outside source of income — a grant from the private Levinson Foundation in the U.S., awarded for contribution to the improvement of the quality of life in Israel. It spearheaded the attack on the alleged pesticide pollution in milk and is now looking into the problem of additives in other foods.

Consumer Shield has gradually

## MARKETING WITH MARTHA

gained respectability in official eyes.

"They no longer dismiss us as hysterical fanatics," says the chairman, Mrs. Hannah Greenbaum with satisfaction. "We find an increasing readiness to stop fighting us and to listen to us."

One problem her group is just beginning to overcome: Individuals in government jobs tend to take any criticism personally, rather than as constructive criticism of their department's policies or practices, she says.

In addition to its American grant, Consumer Shield has local sources of financial backing. The Association of American and Canadian Immigrants and the Soviet Immigrants Association are members *en bloc* of Consumer Shield. More recently, so is WIZO. Shield also has financial support from individual members and private donors — and says it would have even more if donations were granted tax-exempt status.

"Why should the Council for a Beautiful Israel have tax exemption for donations, and not us?" asks Mrs. Greenbaum. She says the government recognizes health, educational and welfare organizations for this purpose, and points out that much of Shield's work deals with health hazards in food.

IN THE SPRING and early summer, Shield conducted lengthy merger negotiations with the veteran Israel Consumers' Association, but they came to

naught. Today, the *Igud Hatzarchanui Beyisrael* is fighting for its life. It has virtually run out of funds since the government turned off the tap. For a while its offices were closed, but volunteers are now keeping them open from 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. daily (35 Rehov King George, Tel Aviv, 03-285229). Some complaints will be processed, but the volunteers' main job will be to give the consumer advice and guidance — including information about where else to file complaints.

In explaining why the merger attempt failed, the association's last chairman, Felix Davidson, told me he did not feel that Consumer Shield was wholehearted about the idea, and his association was also concerned with protecting its own long-standing reputation here and abroad. It was one of the founding members of the International Organization of Consumer Unions and is still represented on its world council.

One explanation for the failure of the merger may well be the divergent attitudes of the two organizations on government aid. According to Davidson, the association has no objections to this. On the contrary, he said, "except in the U.S., consumer organizations do not function without public funds."

Having given up the chairmanship, which is now vacant, Davidson has organized an "actions committee," whose purpose is to try and raise a budget of IL500,000 a year would be the "minimum of minimums" but IL1m. would be more realistic. He hopes the ministers concerned with finance "will come to their senses and give us a budget within a matter of weeks or months." Otherwise the Israel Consumers

Association will have to announce that it is folding, he threatens. As for the Consumer Council, Davidson is thoroughly disenchanted with it. "I personally object to our participating in it. It doesn't represent us. It is a government corporation, not a consumer organization," he charges.

ANOTHER GROUP which doesn't have much faith in the Council is the Organization of Religious Consumers, set up about three years ago to deal with the special needs of the ultra-Orthodox. Its chairman, Arye Lefkowitz of Bnei Brak, is assisted by a number of volunteers.

The organization gets its funding mainly from membership dues (IL75 per annum).

Lefkowitz would welcome government funding, possibly through the Ministry of Religious Affairs, which he feels should take an interest in his group's activities. At the moment, these include dealing with the complex problems arising during the current Sabbatical Year of the Land (a subject I plan to deal with in a forthcoming article).

As an example of its need for funds, the Religious Consumers Organization notes that it has enlisted 25 Bar-Ilan professors to serve on committees dealing with food at the Israel Standards Institute. While these are willing to work on a semi-volunteer basis, Lefkowitz says, they do require reimbursement of their expenses.

TRADITIONALLY, the Better Business Bureau of Israel has been a member of the Israel Consumer Council, and used to get funds from it. Mr. Adi Horowitz, director of the B.B.B. in Tel Aviv, told me, "We never left the Council, and we have not been asked to return, and we don't know what's going on there these days."

He said the B.B.B. is quite prepared to continue participating in the Council, and indeed says its charter requires it to cooperate with any groups including manufacturers and merchants working for the same aims.

While some people argue that the B.B.B. is not really "on the consumers' side," I have often found that it can get results for them simply because many of its members have an interest in preserving their good name. A considerable number of merchant-members have undertaken to go to arbitration before the Consumer Council in cases of insoluble disputes between themselves and customers.

Back at Israel Consumer Council headquarters in Tel Aviv's Ramat Aviv quarter, 42 Rehov Hainverista (03-427026/7), it is pretty much business as usual even though some of its member organizations have left the fold. The Council does not deal with the complaints of individuals unless they have implications for the public generally. It does, however, conduct comparative surveys on products and services, and is currently working on the subject of refrigerators, among others. Results of surveys are published in its bi-monthly magazine, *Ma Kidal* (What's Worthwhile), which is sold at news-stands for IL15. □

Martha Melsels

# The Weekend Dry Bones

**DEAR SHULDIG WE ARE PLEASED THAT YOU HAVE AGREED TO APPEAR ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED JEWISH APPEAL... UJA AS PART OF WINTER FROM A STONE PROGRAM**

**GET OUT YOUR CHECKBOOKS AMERICA HERE COMES SHULDIG FOR THE UJA**

**PREPARING THE SPEECH**

MY FELLOW AMERICANS...  
...UH MY FORMER FELLOW AMERICANS...  
UH... MY FORMER FELLOW AMERICAN JEWS... UH...  
SHALOM.  
...AND HIS VARIOUS STRATEGIC PLOYS

**SHULDIG RECOUNTS HIS DARING ADVENTURES IN HAGA...**

SO I TURNED THE HANDBAG OVER... BUT THERE WAS NO CLASP ON THE OTHER SIDE EITHER... SO I SAID "GEVERET... HOW DO YOU OPEN THIS BAG?"

THIS GLASS IS THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE DEPT. STORE... THIS IS ME... THE SALT SHAKER... A SHOPPER... (THE PEPPER MILL) APPROACHES... I POINT TO HER HANDBAG...

**SHULDIG IS OUTFITTED BY THE UJA SPECIAL EFFECTS DEPARTMENT...**

RUBBER CHICKEN CIRCUIT SUIT. BACK TIE. BROOKLYN.

**THE PITCH:**

1. POVERTY 2. BRAVE LITTLE DEMOCRACY 3. INFLATION 4. PROJECT CONFUSAL

**THE FALL BACK POSITION**

HOW ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS TIL NEXT TUESDAY?